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JUL 8 1934

THE NEW

# STATESMAN AND NATION

## The Week-end Review

Vol. VII. No. 175 (New Series) SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1934 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

OPINIONS differ about whether Germany may be expected in a few months to collapse in general disintegration, leading either to a military dictatorship or even to a Communist revolution, or whether the forces of the Right will be powerful enough to consolidate themselves against the more extreme Nazi elements. The latter seems more likely in view of the personal conservatism of Hitler and the significant intervention of the aged President, who was apparently privy to Papen's startling speech. No prophecy is possible. The Churches are apparently to win a large measure of freedom. Göring and Goebbels, who have been at loggerheads ever since the Revolution, are for the moment standing together against Papen and the moderating conservative elements. A first-class row has broken out between the Nazis and the Stahlhelm. In the background, formidable and waiting, is the Reichswehr, the one fully equipped and disciplined force. Hindenburg may still be capable of calling upon it and Hitler may prefer its support even at the cost of abandoning his "old comrades." How long the reactionaries would keep Hitler in power if the fear of the S.A. were removed is another question. The only certainty is that the Nazi regime will be greatly modified in the next few months.

### The Temper of France

The temper of the French masses is manifestly rising. The epidemic of rioting continues unabated, and from Brest to the Riviera there are few towns that have not witnessed struggles, in which many were injured and much property wrecked. The course of events is usually the same. An oratorical firebrand of the Right visits the town; the veterans of the Croix de Guerre organisation, a sort of Stahlhelm, demonstrate in his honour; local Socialists or Communists, and sometimes both together, usually workers, sometimes students, hold a counter-demonstration in the streets; the police oppose them and they resort to the traditional French expedient of the barricade. Paris, which had been quiet since February, saw this week a moving demonstration of mutilated veterans protesting against the cuts in pensions. Within the National Ministry the divisions of opinion in the country are reproduced. M. Marquet, a neo-Socialist and the ex-servicemen's leader, had consented to cut pensions in return for a rather ambitious scheme of public works for the relief of unemployment. This his colleague in the Ministry of Finance has rejected, and M. Marquet threatens to resign. If he goes the Radicals in the Ministry and behind it will be in an awkward position; they have been protesting for some time against the provocations of the Right, which has no respect for the party truce. M. Doumergue in the Chamber has made

matters worse by scolding the Left alone as the cause of these disorders. In fact, apart from the economic distress, the cause of them is the belief that the Right, with its veterans, is preparing an armed *coup d'état*.

### Austria and the Saar

Austria's Corporative Constitution, which was rushed through the rump Parliament a couple of months ago, is now to be put into force by easy stages. Some of its articles will have to wait till the professional corporations are organised; some will become operative on July 1st, others on November 1st. For the moment there will not be much noticeable change. The official title of the country will be "Federal State" instead of "Republic," and the two-headed eagle will reappear on its coat of arms. Capital punishment, which was abolished in 1918, will be restored, and the citizens in general will rejoice in the solemn guarantee of their personal and religious liberties, subject to various reservations. The Federal Government will carry on its proper powers and those once exercised by Parliament until the transitionary stage is completed. Meanwhile Dr. Dollfuss is harassed by the activities of the Nazis, who continue their outrages with bombs, the cutting of telegraph and telephone wires, and such other forms of terrorism as they have stomach or opportunity for. Similarly in the Saar, the Nazis seem to be paying scant attention to Hitler's assurance that terrorism will be called off. It was on this assurance that the League agreed that the plebiscite should be held next January. Numerous outrages have been reported since; Jews and others have been beaten and two Nazis are now awaiting trial for attempting to kill Herr Max Braun, the Catholic and Social Democratic leader in the Saar. A burglar who was arrested in his house last week is reported to have confessed that he is a criminal released from a Berlin prison and paid by the Nazis to break into Braun's house, pick a quarrel with him and kill him.

### Miners' Hours

The I.L.O., having failed to adopt the draft convention on the 40-hour week, has put off the question for another year; but it seems no more likely to secure a majority in a year's time than now. This week another conference on the hours question has been in progress, dealing this time with a single industry, coal mining. The delegates of the principal European coal-producing countries have been meeting in Geneva to consider how to remove the obstacles in the way of ratifying the International Convention of 1931, under which agreed limitations of miners' hours were laid down. Great Britain is committed to ratifying this Convention as soon as certain outstanding technical difficulties have been removed; but the speech of the British Government delegate displayed no great enthusiasm for it, while the British mine-owners declared their opposition, and threatened that any reduction in hours would involve a termination of the existing agreements and a cutting down of wages. The absence of Germany from the discussions is being used as an argument against ratification by the remaining countries; and the most is being made of the technical difficulties—arising out of varying practices and nomenclature in the different countries—by those who are opposed to the Convention on other grounds. There is perhaps rather more hope of an agreement to limit miners' hours than to adopt the 40-hour week; but even in this case, though most of the countries are committed to support ratification, the prospects are by no means bright.

### Mr. Keynes on America

Mr. Keynes, in a letter to Tuesday's *Times*, attempts to estimate the extent of the American recovery under the influence of the "New Deal." He holds that the progress that has been made is apt to be seriously underestimated in this country, and his letter as a whole constitutes a strong tribute to the beneficial efforts of the Roosevelt policy. Admitting that there has been recently some recession in factory output, partly as a reaction from previous optimism and partly as a result of the slackening off of public expenditure during the past few months, Mr. Keynes holds that the total progress made since President Roosevelt assumed office is quite large enough to justify broadly what he has done. The American national income, he thinks, increased by at least 12 to 15 per cent. in 1933, and by as much more in the first half of the present year; and the total amount of employment he believes to have grown by more than 25 per cent. between the beginning of 1933 and the middle of 1934. These are startling estimates, in face of the cold water thrown on the Roosevelt experiment by most of the American correspondents in the British press; but Mr. Keynes appears to have good warrant for them. He holds, however, that further recovery depends largely on two conditions—a large fall in the long-term rates of interest and a revival of activity in the building industry. This latter condition leads him to emphasise the need for continuing and developing further the policy of public productive expenditure.

### Trade War with Germany?

The German delegates arriving in London to negotiate over the debt problem were greeted by Mr. Chamberlain and the House of Commons with the passage of the Debts Clearing Offices and Import Restrictions Reprisals Bill—the operation of which is, by a last-hour amendment, limited to two years, though there is no assurance that it will not be renewed. Clearly we are justified in suspecting the Germans of some sharp practice, apart from high-handed action, in their suspension of debt payments. Germany's difficulties are due in no small measure to her great increase in the imports needed for armament expansion. There is therefore a case for putting on the screw. But clearing offices have a bad reputation, and the method of seizing part of the payment for imports from Germany is obviously open to grave disadvantages and likely to lead to reprisals. Hence, presumably, the second part of the Bill, which confers unlimited power to restrict by quota imports from any country which imposes discriminations against British exports. This power is not confined to imports from Germany, and gives the Government exceedingly wide powers to embark on trade wars with other countries. Before long we shall have our extreme protectionists crying out for quotas against everybody, and all trade negotiations conducted with a bludgeon. We can only hope that the discussions with the German delegates will succeed, and that it will be possible to prevent the use of these arbitrary powers.

### "That's Sedition—That Was"

With a pleasant display of reasonableness the Attorney-General continues to accept small amendments to the Disaffection Bill. Two magistrates, it seems, are to be required to authorise a general search, and an inspector, not merely an ordinary constable, to carry out the search. Some provision is promised to make it necessary to show evidence before a search that there is some connection between the premises searched and the distribution of seditious literature; a time limit of a month is to be placed on the search warrant. Several members of the Committee objected to the clause which permits search "at any time," recalling that midnight was the favourite time for searches during the war. Mr. Maxton created a stir by suggesting that this facilitated the "planting" of documents, other members protesting that even if this occurred in other countries it was inconceivable in England. The interesting speculation is whether the Government, after accepting so many amendments, will think it worth while to drive the Bill through. Mr. MacDonald cannot possibly like it. In a letter addressed to him by Mr. Maxton and Mr. Fenner Brockway, he is reminded that he was once a pacifist and an I.L.P. member himself; and that he had declared that "soldiers were also members of the working-class and as much entitled as their fellow-workers in industry to organise for the overthrow of the capitalist system." A number of similar examples of the Prime Minister's past "seditious" utterances are to be found in a devastating little squib, entitled *That's Sedition—That was.*

### Hops

The Hops Marketing Board, the earliest of the series, began well and owing to its peculiar circumstances incurred very little criticism. The growers had all to sell through the Board; the brewers, the sole customer, had to pay the price fixed by the Board. The price in 1932 was a very fair one. Last year, as a result of the general shortage of hops, it rose enormously (£15 per cwt. in 1933, as against £8 5*s.* per cwt. in 1932), and the growers were eager to exploit their favourable position. A Hops Amending Scheme was produced six months ago, which aimed at giving a monopoly to present registered hop growers, and at prohibiting the extension of the existing acreage under hops. This met with such strong opposition that the Government could not push it through Parliament; and eventually, last April, a Joint Committee of growers, brewers and impartial members was set up. But this Committee's report, which is just published, does not evolve a better plan; it only makes the Amending Scheme less unpalatable to the brewers. In essentials the Amending Scheme stands, and if it is approved by Parliament, it will have (save, of course, for its few beneficiaries) deplorable consequences. It will create a precedent for controlling other commodities to the prejudice of the consumer, and confer monopoly powers upon present members of a branch of agriculture. It will clearly have the desired effect of preventing overproduction, but, as Mr. C. S. Orwin pointed out in a weighty letter in Wednesday's *Times*, at a heavy price. "Competition is to be eliminated; profit is to be guaranteed to the inefficient as well as to the efficient; land values are to be substantially raised by the monopoly."

### A Standard of Need

In connection with the advent of the new Unemployment Act, which institutes a changed system for working the Means Test, that enterprising research group, P.E.P., has issued a broadsheet dealing with the available data bearing on the "measurement of needs." Putting together the conclusions derived from recent investigations by the Ministry of Health, the British Medical Association, Professor Bowley and others, and the results of recent social surveys of particular areas, P.E.P. attempts to draw up a very rough new estimate of minimum needs covering not only food, but also other necessary items of family expenditure. For food alone, following the B.M.A. allowances, this works out at 5*s.* 11*d.* a week for males over fourteen, and 4*s.* 11*d.* for females, plus an average of 3*s.* 8*d.* per child. Clothing, by the Bowley standard, comes to 11*d.* for a man, 1*s.* 3*d.* for a woman, and 9*d.* for a child. Rent is put, very hesitantly, at 10*s.* per family, and fuel at 3*s.*, with 3*d.* to 3½*d.* per person for light and cleaning materials. These allowances give totals of 26*s.* 7*d.* for a man and wife, and 40*s.* 7*d.* for a man, wife and three children. These totals do not include compulsory insurance deductions or Trade Union or similar contributions, or anything for travelling to and from work. They are necessarily very rough averages; but it is very useful to have the available information brought together in a convenient form. P.E.P. is prepared to send a copy (up to a limited total supply) to anyone who cares to write to 16 Queen Anne's Gate, S.W.1.

### The Death of the Betting Bill?

The Betting Bill, after thrashing its way through the House of Lords, came to the Commons on Wednesday, when it passed its second reading without a division. But now, instead of going into Committee of the whole House, it is to be sent to a Standing Committee—on the plea of the "congestion of public business." This, presumably, means its death, since the opportunity for obstruction in Standing Committee is unlimited, and the obstructors will be determined if not numerous. The Bill is avowedly a compromise. It aims at checking excessive gambling, which, as the Royal Commission insisted, results in grave social mischief. It bans the Tote Clubs, but legalises the Tote on dog-tracks for a limited number of days in the year. It bans big lotteries, including, of course, the Irish Sweep, but allows little ones. In its original form it banned the football pool (which Mr. Tom Williams described as "the biggest swindle of all"), but the Government gave way on that in the Lords. The net result is a confused struggle of common sense and cant, puritanism and libertarianism, vested interest and public control. Everybody gets a sop and a buffet, nobody is satisfied. The Bill does not touch what many regard as the really serious part of the "social mischief"—off-the-course betting by myriads of people who cannot afford it. But for that the Government cannot fairly be reproached; no Bill that aimed at such a prohibition would get through Parliament, or achieve its purpose if it did.

*All MSS. and letters should be addressed to the Editor, at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. The postage on this issue is: Inland, 1d.; Foreign, 1½d.; Canada, 1d.*

# THE BLEEDING WAFER

THE bacillus of the Bleeding Wafer, so-called from its red colouring—*Micrococcus Prodigiosus*, to give it its Latin name—is a harmless and useful creature. It is employed in the teaching of medicine to show students of tuberculosis and similar diseases the danger of infection from minute drops of saliva. But it has other possibilities. Ingenious minds have discovered its value not merely in the art of healing, but in conducting experiments in wholesale slaughter from the air. Those who are interested in this story—and that should mean everyone, for it concerns us all—will do well to read a remarkable article by Mr. Wickham Steed in the July number of the *Nineteenth Century*.

There has come into his hands, "through various non-Jewish German channels," a series of documents of whose genuineness he is convinced. They are said to emanate from a secret department of the German War Office—known as *Luft-Gas-Angriff*, or "Air Gas Attack," and take the form of communications between this Department and its various experts and agents and firms engaged in aircraft and chemical manufacture. The first document, dated July 1932 (long before Hitler came to power, be it noted), puts the purpose in a nutshell:

> The gigantic French fortifications on our Western frontier make attack by infantry seem quite, and artillery attack almost, hopeless. Consequently there remains only the most intensive development and extension of the air weapon, in order that air warfare may be waged effectively and ruthlessly against important military and industrial centres and, above all, against the civilian population of large cities.

What this means is soon apparent. We go on to other documents discussing the procedure for "testing, in scientifically unexceptionable fashion, the conditions of raining down liquids containing chemicals or bacteria." These tests, in which the Bleeding Wafer plays its part, have been carried out not only in Germany but in France and England, and particularly in the underground stations in the capitals. "No. IX," an expert of the L.G.A., reports at an early stage that "the scheme for the infection of large cities like Paris or London by distributing separate deposits of Yellow Cross (mustard gas) or bacilli in the systems of their underground railways ought, in the main, to be practicable." In the course of the next year considerable progress was made in the experiments, and in the summer of 1933 accounts of their efforts, some of them registering a high degree of satisfaction, were coming in to Berlin from the German agents in Paris. Here is one of them:

> Point of measurement Chamber of Deputies station, 500 metres south of obelisk (on Place de la Concorde). Measurement inside the station. A flat wave of air pressure was observed. Opposite the entry is a very suitable place. Four series of three plates each, with a warm current of air, normal pressure, direction of wind towards the obelisk. 1,124,781 colonies [*i.e.*, of bacilli] grew because the point is so near to the obelisk. *IX* is right! Strength of wind was 12 —, according to Beaufort scale, and 9.69 metres per second on anemograph. This inside result is annihilating!!

We cannot pursue all the details of this sinister tale. But it is worth noting that in October, 1933, the L.G.A. drew up a list of plans for gas attacks on a number of towns in France—including Metz, Strasburg, Belfort, Nancy, Verdun, Toul, Epinal, and the suburbs of Paris, Marseilles, Toulon, Lyon, Havre, Rouen, Caen, Nantes, Le Creuzot, St. Etienne, Roubaix and Tourcoing, besid various places in the departments of Nord and Meurt et Moselle.

What, then, is the moral of all this? Does it me simply that Germany has a double dose of madness devilishness? Is it a clear call to arms for the rest of u Is each nation to seek its own safety in piling up bigg forces, or, if it can, consolidating its defences by milita pacts with this and that neighbour? We do not read so. Horrible as these experiments and developmen are, they are no matter for surprise. It has long be obvious to the meanest intelligence that the war of t morrow will not be the war of yesterday, but fouler a more devastating. The use of gas had gone far in 191 and few of us could suppose that either the Germans any other potentially belligerent Power would now fo swear it. Many of us have doubted whether much r liance could be placed even on undertakings to absta from bacteriological warfare, if any belligerent fou himself in a desperate situation. It is probable th other War Offices besides the German have made te of the deadliest means of destruction—is it not th business to do so? For all we know, Englishmen a Frenchmen may have been as active in Berlin as t agents of Germany have been in London and Pa And in any case we have no sufficient proof that t Germans or anyone else have mastered the techniq of bacteriological infection; the experiments of t L.G.A. are interesting and ominous, but hardly d cisive. In saying all this, we hold no brief for t L.G.A.; nor do we deny that the Germans in th present temper are a serious menace to the peace Europe—though their will and their power to make w now or in the near future, may not be quite so great some think. Our concern is that we should face the fa and choose the right means for averting the calamity war—from whatever quarter it is threatened.

In the next big war the dominating factor will be t air arm. That everyone realises, save the dwindli band of soldiers and sailors who still believe in the supre efficacy of battleships and bayonets. The air attack no longer to be conceived as a mere harassing of t enemy's forces, as a raid on a military or naval base, a dash to blow up a few buildings in a town. Its o jective will be the great centres of population, and purpose will be not the killing or wounding of fighti men or the immobilising of fleets, but the paralysation the national will to resistance by the wholesale slaugh or maiming of non-combatants, old and young, m women and children, the wholesale destruction of t arteries and nerve-centres of the national life. This is t avowed design of the German War Office, if Mr. Wi ham Steed's documents are geniune, and it is, we m fairly presume, a design which every General Staff w have given thought to. Sentimental considerations ap it may present attractions to an aggressive State a cheap and quick way of making and winning a w though when the war is over the gain to the victors w be highly problematical. But the prospect to any s and decent human being is a hideous one, and, since t danger is real, the question of how it may be guard against is urgent.

Assuming, as we may, that an aggressor can afford make light of anti-aircraft defences, what is to d

him from carrying out the smashing mass attack that we have envisaged? The answer, we are told, is the fear of reprisals in kind. Very good; but reprisals by whom? By the victim of the attack, who *ex hypothesi* has been reduced to impotence? That is manifestly absurd, and there lies the weakness of the argument for any nation trusting for security to its own armaments. As Sir Norman Angell puts it in his new book*, "the prospective enemy whom the threat of retaliation is intended to deter need not fear that threat if he can get his blow in first. For in that case he can make retaliation to the extent of any equivalent damage impossible." The threat, then, if it is to be a real deterrent, must be collective. A system of pooled security, of mutual assistance against an aggressive State—that, and not a competition in armaments, bigger air forces or more ships or more forts for each of us—is the first moral we draw from the German experiments with the Bleeding Wafer.

There is something indeed beyond this, which, had we a modicum of common sense and courage, we should all jump at—the abolition of national air forces and the internationalisation of air transport. But the prospect of an agreement on that seems remote, though a number of States—including France and Germany—have professed themselves in favour of it. Great Britain, or the present British Government and its supporters, do not favour it. They do not even favour an extension of collective security beyond our existing commitments, meagre as those are. They would like a general disarmament, but they are preparing to join in a general rearmament in a world that is heading for the Hobbesian State of Nature, where "every man's hand is against every man's." And presently, in that brave new world, when and if potential enemies become real enemies, we shall see whether, single handed, we can keep the mustard gas and the bacilli out of Piccadilly Circus!

## THE FUTURE OF TELEVISION

SCARCELY a word of newspaper comment has appeared on the Postmaster-General's appointment of a Committee to report upon the conditions under which any public service of television should be provided. Yet the matter is of first-rate social importance and, in its economic bearings, of exceptional interest. Apart, indeed, from the inherent question of capitalist control of scientific research, the case of television is peculiarly significant of the planless complexity of modern economic organisation and of the broad social issue of private exploitation or public ownership.

To begin with, the appointment of the P.M.G.'s Committee makes it reasonably certain, even without the subsequent confirmation of Lord Inverforth, the chairman of Marconi's, that television is fast reaching the stage of being commercially practicable. Television having become a reality, we can look forward to some far-reaching changes in our ideas of entertainment. Obviously broadcasting, the cinema and the press are likely to be affected most of all. So far as the press is concerned, the problem is confined to the dissemination of news, printed and illustrated, and to the technique of advertising. As regards the cinema, it is probable that films will constitute the principal item in a televised programme, at any rate at the beginning of things, and British cinema interests have thus cause to be alive to the situation. So, too, has the B.B.C., whose present charter, it may be remembered, expires at the end of 1936.

Modern capitalist conditions of scientific research point to the great U.S. electrical trust, as expressed in the Radio Corporation of America and its financial associates, as the most likely begetter and patentee of an efficient system of television, although competition in this country is provided by three other experimental systems—the Baird, the Scophony and the Cossor. The R.C.A., however, is prominently associated at the present time with U.S. cinema interests, more particularly the ownership of cinema circuits, ownership having tended in part during the last three or four years to detach itself from the producing side of the industry. It is this circumstance which helps to account for the American delay in developing television, since a new film, after a single televised showing, will thereby have lost practically its entire exhibition market. Thus the original American project, sponsored from 1928 onwards by the Rockefeller-Chase Bank interests, for the creation of a Radio City in New York as the main centre of televised entertainment has been held up not merely by "the depression" but also by the realisation of the injury which television would inflict upon the value of cinema chains simultaneously passing into the control of the Chase and electrical-finance interests.

In this country the Baird system has been making progress in face of many difficulties, notably lack of capital, and it is reported that the company has just rented a large part of the Crystal Palace for transmission purposes. During this same time, however, continuous experiment with an alternative system has been carried out by Electric and Musical Industries, Ltd., which is the combination of the former H.M.V. and Columbia interests. This company, a potential leading manufacturer in Great Britain of television sets, is closely associated with the R.C.A. The latter enjoys, moreover, further intimate contacts with the British electrical industry, which, though not so markedly dominated by American interests as it was in 1929, is still closely bound up with U.S. Utilities finance. The announcement, for instance, on May 22nd of the formation of a new associate company, the Marconi-E.M.I. Television, Ltd. (Marconi's, like E.M.I., includes directors of the R.C.A. on its board), emphasised the British character of the concern, but added that it would enjoy the advantages of contact with technical developments in other parts of the world.

Clearly the American, or British-American, project, evidence of which has not been lacking during the past few months, is to develop television in this country on the U.S. model—that is, to create a Radio City in London to purvey televised entertainment *free*, whilst deriving revenue from advertisement and from the sale of sets. The U.S. financial interests concerned still possess sufficiently influential connections here, notably through the Greater London and Counties Trust (which controls Edmundsons, one of our largest electric supply companies, in which a substantial interest is generally understood to be held by the Prudential Assurance Company), to be able to envisage the creation of such a Radio City in London, whilst with the aid of such powerful associates as the Prudential there would be no difficulty in financing a complete system of television programmes. Such a scheme would enable the commercial profits of television to be successfully diverted from a publicly owned corporation, that is, the B.B.C. with its Government charter—to private ownership. That such hopes are entertained is plainly borne out by the recent activity in E.M.I. shares, which have risen from a low figure of seven shillings in the summer of last year to as high as thirty-five shillings in May of the present year—this, too, with a cut during the same period in the par value of from £1 to ten shillings. Whatever the findings of the P.M.G.'s Commttee regarding the precise conditions of a television service, the E.M.I. as manufacturers stand to benefit greatly from the practical introduction of television.

As regards the economic consequences to the cinema, the eventual effect would be to shatter the entire structure of the film industry as it exists at present; the televised showing of films would be disastrous for the two or three British cinema chains. The only future in this direction would appear to be

* *The Menace to Our National Defence*. By Norman Angell. Hamish Hamilton. 3s. 6d.

for the luxury cinema where the surroundings are more important than the film.

Of more urgent significance is the implicit threat to the B.B.C. monopoly and to the educational influence on which (together with a slightly excessive zest for social uplift) the B.B.C. justifiably prides itself. The coming of television seems likely to coincide with the expiration of its present charter, and the agitation against the general conception of public ownership in broadcasting may be expected to become more marked in the press in the near future. The B.B.C.'s fond hope of civilising the population of this country is clearly dependent upon the maintenance of a monopoly that will include television. Wide changes in its powers and constitution are essential, more particularly in view of the probable refusal of the film industry here to co-operate in providing televised programmes to a public monopoly, except on prohibitive terms. It will be interesting to see how much room such changes leave, in the new B.B.C. charter, for capitalist exploitation of a public service of this kind. It may be the need for public ownership in entertainment rather than in armaments, for instance, which forces upon us the desirability of public ownership in general.

P.S. On Thursday the 21st June it was announced that a programme of television pictures was to be transmitted the following night by Electric and Musical Industries from Hayes (Middlesex) to His Majesty at Windsor Castle.

# A LONDON DIARY

THERE are three categories into which politically conscious people can be divided, according to whether they are most attached to habit, to order, or to individual happiness. The first class believe that any important change is likely to be for the worse, though they may be in favour of abolishing supertax or vivisection. The second class are so disgusted by inefficiency and chaos that they are always willing to sacrifice the individual to the State. The third class believe that drastic alterations in our present system are necessary in order to give the individual a decent, free and happy life. These categories, which might be called the Conservative, the Authoritarian, and the Progressive, transcend party divisions. I have among my acquaintance Conservative Socialists, Authoritarian Liberals, and Progressive Conservatives. By putting a few questions you can quickly tell to which category a person belongs. Discover whether he desires the abrogation of national sovereignty in favour of world controls, the replacement of production for private profit by collective production, the establishment of free speech, free publication, and the right of free movement throughout the world. These are the objectives of "progressive world effort," as defined by Mr. H. G. Wells in his introduction to *Manifesto* (Allen and Unwin, 7*s.* 6*d.*); and if you desire them, you are eligible for the Federation of Progressive Societies and Individuals, which has produced this book about its aims.

* * *

A Federation of various societies devoted to pacifism, internationalism, world-planning, town and country planning, the reform of education, of legal procedure, of prisons, of the laws regarding sex, divorce, blasphemy, censorship, drink, and dress; a Federation whose collective aims range from the setting up of a World Government to the preservation of National Parks is a very obvious target for ridicule. But reformers are only absurd because they are ineffective, and the point of the Federation is to canalise energy that would otherwise be dissipated in futile eddies. Discussing this difficult problem in his introduction to the *Manifesto* Mr. Joad gives the reasons which make the aims of the Federation appear utterly Utopian and unattainable in a world which seems to be going from bad to worse. He then gives other reasons for hoping that civilisation may still turn the corner—chief among them his belief that "human beings are fundamentally, and in spite of all the evidence to the contrary, reasonable beings." (And Dr. Flugel, the psychologist, in the last chapter, supports the belief that men can become more reasonable.) Democracy, Mr. Joad repeats, is at present in disgrace, not because it has failed but because it is beginning to succeed. Fascism is Capitalism's last ditch, and Capitalism will die in it. Compared with the abolition of ultra-nationalism and private capitalism, such objects as the preservation of rural amenities and the abolition of the Blasphemy Laws sound trivial. But in point of fact the stupidity that makes people ultra patriotic is the same as the stupidity that makes them forbid freedom of speech and permit the wrecking of England by unorganised building. It is essential to convert the electorate to Socialism, but it is also essential to convert official Socialists to a wider belief in reason. Where such subjects as abortion or even birth-control are concerned, Labour is sometimes as obscurantist as Conservatism itself. "Public-spirited talk," Mr. Joad says, "provides for the intelligentsia the outlet or anodyne (call it which you please) that sport, drink, or drugs do for the other classes": the object of the Federation is to translate this talk into action. The question is what action they intend to take.

* * *

I referred a few weeks ago to Councillor Jenkinson, the Vicar of a slum parish in Leeds and the Chairman of the Leeds Housing Committee. He is a person of astounding energy and devotion, still young, and without a trace of the parsonic manner. I have now had an opportunity this week of seeing something of the remarkable housing scheme which he has done more than anyone else to inspire. The country has heard of it mainly, I think, because of the City Council's policy of working out differential rents. A civilised Means Test, I should call it. Here is a case in which a Council with a Labour majority is really justifying the hopes of supporters. The standard of housing in Leeds has until now been as low as that of any big city in England. The Council's clearance plans cover 30,000 houses, all within a short distance of the centre. Nearly all of them are "back-to-backs." People who live in civilised conditions cannot realise what it means to be a member of such a worker's household in Leeds. The family dwelling is an "up-and-down"—that is, one living-room and one bedroom. How is the sleeping problem for a growing family to be arranged? As for the day, there is no scullery and not even an inch of yard. The sink is in the living room, at which the mother does all the washing. Many thousands of these houses have closets at the end of the row, and to reach them every person in the street must pass through the children and adults who all the summer swarm at the doors to enjoy the smoky stuff which is called air in Leeds.

* * *

I much regret the untimely death of the *Clarion*, which is to die after a run of only four months in its new form. Odhams set out to get an immense circulation from the start, and no political paper ever achieves a large circulation quickly. After spending a huge sum in initial advertising and distributing 400,000 copies of the first issue, the publicity was allowed to fall off and gloom succeeded enthusiasm as sales dropped. I am told that the circulation fell to about 40,000. With a little more modesty at the beginning and a little more tenacity, I think the paper might have been a success. Its quality was good, for the most part—some of it very good—and it was attracting the young Socialist reader to whom it was especially intended to appeal. Given time, I should judge that it might have increased and stabilised at 50,000 to 100,000. That is not, of course, good enough to make money, but with economical running might not have meant loss. The result must be to discourage further efforts to establish the much-needed low-priced Socialist weekly. The *Clarion's* place is to be taken by a non-political picture paper, the *Weekly Illustrated*. I fully expect that that will be a success. But then—except to Odhams—it does not seem to matter much whether it is a success or not.

" The thing is horrible and beyond human nature to bear, and I feel I can't go on with the bloody business. I would rather resign." So Mr. Lloyd George to C. P. Scott in December, 1917, just after the Austro-German peace proposals had been received. The incident was recorded in Scott's diary, and appears in Mr. J. L. Hammond's *Life of C. P. Scott* (Bell, 12s. 6d.). I've not yet finished the book, which is obviously of first class historical and political interest, but there is a small additional fact which I should like to add to Mr. Hammond's account of this incident. The night before, Mr. Lloyd George had been listening to Philip Gibbs who, straight from the front, had given at a dinner in his honour " the most impressive and moving description " of what war actually meant. " If people actually knew," Mr. Lloyd George said to C. P. Scott and Lord Buckmaster, " the war would be stopped tomorrow." Some of those who were present at the dinner itself will remember that Sir Philip began his speech by describing how, as he was starting from his post in France, a Tommy who knew his errand said : " Don't make us out too bloody cheerful, Guv'nor," and Gibbs spoke out. Nevertheless, " the peace offensive " (as it was called then) was defeated and Mr. Lloyd George stayed to deliver the knock-out blow in the interests of democracy and permanent peace.

* * *

Professor Laski is on a visit to Moscow lecturing on " representative government." I am told that the rumour that this subject is placed in Russia in the category of archaeology is incorrect. A correspondent who heard Professor Laski's opening speech tells me that Mr. Saklatvala scored a neat point. Mr. Laski said that he had come to Moscow as good pilgrims go to Mecca—to learn. Mr. Saklatvala retorted that good pilgrims go to Mecca not to learn but to *repent*.

* * *

I take the following headline from the *New York Herald* (Paris edition) :

Religion Unessential to Business Success, Majority of Pastors Say ; Urge Spiritual Standards for Students. CRITIC

## THIS ENGLAND

**Our prize of 5s. for the contribution at the head of this column goes this week to Mr. M. W. Wynne.**

**All cuttings should be addressed to " This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.**

I don't think there is any doubt that a person called Freud has had an influence indirectly on people's ideas.—Press report of a speech by Dr. Furse, Bishop of St. Albans.

If England is again provoked into dealing severely with Scotland, as Cromwell was, France is pretty sure not only to remain neutral, but to wish England a fervent " God-speed."—Letter from Lt.-Col. in the *Scotsman*.

5 ft. 11 in. Pupil of 14. An order was made at Highgate yesterday on the parents of a boy of 14 to see that he attends school until the end of the term. The lad's mother said he was 5ft. 11in. in height and was head and shoulders above any of the masters. He had to be accommodated at a table at which his legs were cramped. The clerk asked the mother if she thought it would be any good if a tall policeman spoke to the boy. She thought it would, and a policeman standing over 6ft. was deputed to see him.—*News-Chronicle*.

I hear that one of this year's qualifications as a " deb.'s delight " is an ability to speak German. . . . When topics of conversation between dances are running low and the band has gone to supper, it is a great help to be able to begin all over again in another language.

Brown Jack was successful for the sixth time in succession. . . . Then with his faithful and loyal attendant he walked quietly away, probably knowing full well that his owner has decided that he shall never run again at Ascot.—*Times*.

SIR,—I am much distressed by your Dramatic Critic's suggestion that our " idiotic " pronunciation of Greek should be modernised in order that sixth form schoolboys should be able to converse with educated Greeks. Since my own sixth form days, the pronunciation of Latin has been radically altered, and I am in consequence entirely precluded from conversing with my friends in that language. Should Mr. More's ill-considered proposition be carried into action, I shall find myself, in my old age, condemned to perpetual silence.—Letter in *Morning Post*.

Bradman struck the fire of genius . . . in the forge of his batsmanship molten history was being beaten into shape.—" Cricketer," in the *Manchester Guardian*.

The Rev. Percival Mackenzie, preaching at the Scottish Church of St. James, Dulwich, yesterday, said : " Public prayer for rain is an entirely proper expression of a public need, but it should not be regarded as a means to an end. Intelligent Christian prayer must proceed on the assumption that God has already given what He deems best."—*News-Chronicle*.

When the Mayor (Sir Alfred Woodgate) opened the meeting of Kingston-on-Thames Town Council last night, Councillor J. W. Barker gave him a Fascist salute and remarked, " O.K. Chief."

Farnborough (Hants) Chamber of Commerce decided to organise a carnival to wipe out a £4,000 debt incurred by the local hospital. A member suggested that it would be a great attraction if " Lady Godiva " headed the carnival procession. The idea, however, raised a storm of protest in the town, and as a result a public meeting of all organisations was held last night. . . . There were many women present at the meeting. The president of the Chamber of Commerce assured the meeting that there would be nothing unseemly, but, on the proposition of the Rev. A. M. Watson, of Cove, it was decided by an overwhelming majority to delete Lady Godiva from the programme. . . . It is now suggested that the Loch Ness Monster should be substituted.—*Evening Standard*.

A remarkable dinner was staged at the Hotel Metropole, Brighton, on Friday (June 1) for Mr. K. H. Williams, who is reputed to have made a fortune out of the gold share boom. Mr. Williams entertained eleven old friends, first to cocktails in a hotel bedroom poorly furnished to represent " poverty," and then to an elaborate dinner in a luxurious setting.—*The Caterer and Hotel-keeper*.

At the Horse Show I met two Parisienne beauties who told me that they drink water, but shampoo their hair in champagne, and that all the year round they " wash " their faces in fresh strawberries, though they never eat the fruit.—*Daily Sketch*.

## THE PLACE OF MONEY IN A PLANNED ECONOMY

WITHIN the limits laid down in the previous article, what are the conditions of a sound monetary system? First, that there shall be enough means of payment available to finance the exchange of the current production without upsetting the " national " movement of prices—by which we mean simply their movement on the assumption that money remains neutral in relation to them. In this sense, there should be neither too little money nor too much.

The correct standard for deciding how much money there ought to be is to be found in the condition of production. If factories that could be used to produce things that people need are standing idle, and workmen who could work in them are without jobs, that is a clear sign that there is too little money in circulation. The supply of money ought to be expanded up to the point at which use is being made of all the resources of production that it is worth while to use—worth while, that is, from the standpoint of our needing the things they can be employed to produce. On the other hand, if prices are being forced up because there is a monetary demand for more goods and services than the economic system can produce, that is a clear sign of a redundancy of money, and a case for reducing the supply.

Thus, ability to produce, and not stability of either prices or exchange rates, ought to be the guiding principle of monetary

policy. But it does not follow that all that is needed in order to restore prosperity is simply for the banks to make available enough money to re-employ all the idle productive resources which it is really worth while to use. For, if the banks did this, and nothing else were done, there is no reason to suppose that any extra production at all would result, unless the conditions were in other respects favourable to increased industrial activity—or unless the banks took to lending money to anyone who asked for it, irrespective of his standing or of the soundness of his schemes. Potential credit becomes actual money only when someone actually uses it; and a mere increase in the potential supply of money would not in itself lead to any additional borrowing.

Secondly, then, the money required for the financing of production should be distributed to producers in accordance with the requirements of the production plan. In other words, the bank, or banks, in advancing credits must act in accordance with the requirements of the planning authorities. This matter of the right distribution of the money is every whit as important as the adequacy of the total amount. Indeed, in a planned economy it is even more important; for the danger to a planned economy is that the economic and financial machines may not work in together.

Thirdly, the distribution of the money to the final recipients of incomes through the productive system or otherwise should be in harmony with the planned production of goods and services. For clearly any planning of production implies and involves such a distribution of incomes as will cause demand to correspond as nearly as possible to what is produced. The orthodox capitalist view is, of course, the reverse of this—that what is produced ought to correspond to demand. But what is demanded depends essentially on how incomes are distributed; and, since we are talking throughout about Socialist planning and not a faked capitalism, we have assumed an economy that will have at its very basis a planning of the distribution of incomes. It will aim at as near an approach to equality as is consistent with the necessity for affording sufficient incentives to call out effort. It will accordingly frame a plan of income distribution upon this basis, and will make its plan of production in the light of its plan for the distribution of incomes. Within this limiting condition it will and should aim at giving the consumer the fullest freedom to spend his income on what he pleases; and it will accordingly make its production plan on the basis of giving the consumer as nearly as possible what he wants. But what the consumer does want will be itself conditioned by the prior decision of the planned economy to distribute incomes in a particular way. This distribution may be made mainly through the productive system, in the form of wages and salaries (and interest, as long as bonds earmarked against particular undertakings are allowed to survive); or it may be made to an increasing extent by way of "social dividends," paid to all citizens quite apart from the work they do simply as shares in the social income. That is irrelevant for our present point, which is that the distribution of income, however it is made, is the fundamental determinant of the entire planning of production.

"Money" is needed, under our present system, both for buying finished goods and services and for financing intermediate exchanges. One of the chief reasons why money gets out of hand is that we use the same sort of money for these two essentially different purposes, so that it can be shifted from the one to the other, with the result of throwing the system out of balance. In a planned economy, the "money" used for financing intermediate exchanges can be kept wholly separate from the money used for final purchases, and all intermediate payments can be made in a pure money of account. Planned enterprise will draw the money it needs to pay out as final incomes from the banking system in one kind of money, and the sums it needs for intermediate payments in another; and the money of account will be exchangeable into "real" money only in accordance with the planned arrangements for the distribution of final incomes.

In a planned economy, the accumulation of capital will be a collective and not an individual matter. The incomes distributed to individuals will suffice only to buy the available supply of consumers' goods, and not the supply of producers' goods as well. Producers' goods will be regarded, as they should be, as intermediate goods, and will be bought and sold with money of account, and not with "real" money. There will be no question of "saving" outrunning "investment"; for investment will not be made out of individual saving, but out of planned appropriations of productive resources against which no "real" money will be issued to the consumers. Nor will "investment" be able to outrun "saving"; for the investment will be the saving. It will remain possible for individuals, by hoarding a part of their incomes, to create a deficiency of consumers' demand; but, as they will presumably be unable to earn any interest on their hoardings, what inducement will they have to hoard? Any tendency to hoard can be at once removed by causing "real" money to depreciate in value if it is not spent, as Gesell proposed.

Nor can there be any possibility of a planned economy saving and investing so large a proportion of its income as to cause a crisis. Doubtless, a planned economy can save and invest either too much or too little—too much to give its citizens as good a current standard of living as it can reasonably afford, or too little to provide for an adequate advance in its productive power. But there can never be any question as to the ability of a planned economy to secure an outlet in consumption for as much as it is able to produce. It can produce relatively too much of one thing and too little of another. But it cannot possibly produce more of things in general than it is able to sell; for it has unlimited power to create incomes for spending on final consumers' goods.

A capitalist society, on the other hand, can "oversave"; for it can so distribute incomes that the recipients desire to save and invest at a rate in excess of that which is rendered profitable by the expansion of their will to consume. Investment can be profitable only if there is a proportionate expansion in consumers' demand. Doubtless, the will to "oversave" is checked in due course by the fall in profits which a limited market for consumers' goods involves. But in view of the instability of Capitalism, aggravated by the instability of credit, the check may operate far too late to avoid a gross waste of productive resources. For over-investment is not necessarily unprofitable to the actual investor. It may only mean loss to the owners of existing capital resources which the competition of the new investments drives below the margin of profitable use.

From this immense source of waste a planned economy will be able to render itself wholly free. The determination of the amount and direction of new investment will be made at the same time as, and in conjunction with, the determination of the distribution of incomes. They are indeed essentially parts of the same process—that of deciding how much of the current supply of productive resources shall be devoted to meeting the current needs of the consumers, and how much to providing in advance for their future needs.

The monetary management of a planned economy will thus be, in its essence, a simple problem. The amount of "real" money that will be needed will be simply that which suffices to pay the consumers the incomes which have been allotted to them under the planned distribution of incomes. The amount of "money of account" that will be needed will be simply that which suffices to finance the intermediate exchanges provided for in the plan of production. Of course both these amounts are relative to the price level, or the price level is relative to them. For the prices of consumers' goods and services must be equal in the aggregate to the consumers' incomes; and the prices of account at which intermediate goods change hands must correspond to the book entries which represent the credits issued in respect of them. It will, however, scarcely matter what the level of prices is—provided, of course, that the planned economy is not tied by an invariable gold standard to an international system of prices in terms of the national money. Freedom to vary exchange rates, in the

manner proposed in an earlier article, being assumed, the level of prices becomes unimportant. What do matter are *relative* prices, that is, that the prices of particular goods shall continue to be determined by the relative costs of producing them.

In a completely planned economy, it is almost true that there would be no monetary problem, but only a problem of fixing prices and incomes in the right relation to each other, and of adjusting the rates of exchange to the level required by the relative domestic purchasing powers of the various national currencies. But, of course, when we decide to adopt a Socialist economy, we shall not be able to leap at once to a completely planned system. There will remain branches of production outside the scope of planning, and forms of income outside the direct control of the planning authority. It will not be possible at once to make a complete separation between "money of account" and "real money," because of the continued existence of these unplanned, or imperfectly planned, "sections" of the national economy; and accordingly for some time at least difficult problems of monetary management will remain in being. But the extension of planning over a large part of the economic field, provided that it includes and is based upon the planning of incomes as well as of production, will at once immensely simplify the monetary problem, by making it, as it should be, clearly secondary to the planning of production and distribution—the servant, instead of the master, of the industrial system.

In default of a planned system of production and distribution, the planning of money alone is bound to be ineffective. It may reduce the amplitude of capitalist fluctuations; but it cannot create a situation in which it will always pay best to use all the available resources of production to the fullest possible extent. Monetary management by itself may be efficacious in preventing booms; but it cannot cure slumps, and there is a danger that it may limit fluctuations only at the cost of leaving a part of the available productive resources permanently unused. For, let us repeat, money creates nothing: it is at most merely a means of facilitating exchanges. The first task for a sensibly ordered society is to decide in what proportions to distribute the right to consume, and to plan production in accordance with the demand which follows from the planned distribution of incomes. The issuing of the required monetary tokens is merely a secondary matter, which should conform to the needs arising out of the collective plan of production and consumption. To set out to regulate money without regulating the production and distribution of goods and services is to put the cart before the horse.

# THE TEST MATCH

WHEN the second Test Match came to an end at Lord's on Monday, amid a happy delirium of excitement, it was difficult to believe that the game had ever seemed dull—at times even deadly dull. It was difficult to believe that on Friday morning half the spectators had been talking contemptuously of the English batting, that on Saturday afternoon half the spectators had been talking contemptuously of the English bowling, and that through part of the game the majority of the spectators had been talking contemptuously of the English fielding. For somehow, to the surprise of everybody, the game had turned out to be as sensationally exhilarating as even the most sensation-loving spectator could desire, and the despised English batsmen, bowlers and fielders had managed to beat the Australians by an innings and 38 runs. No doubt, the weather had something to do with it. Contrary to what one would expect, there is nothing like rain for making Test cricket exciting. Still Verity, with his record of 15 wickets for 104 runs, played at least as brilliantly as the weather. He made such tricky use of the tricky English climate as only a bowler of genius could do. As a result, he walked straight into history—not, perhaps, Thucydidean history, but Wisden history—on Monday.

When the game began on Friday, everything was perfect but the cricket. The sun was shining, the June-green trees were tossing in the wind, the field with its thirteen white players and its lime-white-coated umpires was lovely as only Lord's can be, every spectator was happy at being present on so great an occasion, and the wicket, everybody said, was ideal. It was evident from the start, however, that we were in for some of the tedium of a war of attrition. This would not have mattered if Sutcliffe had not played as if he were either hypnotised by Australian prestige or blinded by the sun. He, the indomitable, the man of iron nerve, played with such caution that again and again he did not seem to know what he was doing. As Mr. Robertson-Glasgow said of him, he stood there and "scraped about like an anxious bird." He infected the spectators with his anxiety, and the only astonishing thing was that he remained at the wicket for nearly two hours for his 20 runs.

Walters, in the meantime, in his green county cap, was grace itself at the other end. After a slow beginning, when he played as if he were not on a cricket-pitch, but on a putting-green, he let himself go like a master at the bowling. Grimmett, who bowls so slowly that he does not even trouble to take off his cap and leave it with the umpire during his overs, set traps for him such as had tempted him to destruction at Nottingham. Wall bowled ball after ball at his wicket after the longest run-up ever taken by a bowler. Big Bill O'Reilly, lanky and with thinning fair hair on his crown, had a turn at him. McCabe, who looks rather like Low when he takes his cap off, wasted his energies in over after over. But Walters, without even becoming contemptuous, was always at his ease, and keeping the wickedly keen Australian fielders busy racing for the ball. For a time, it looked as though he were the only hope of preventing an English rout. Sutcliffe was out l.b.w. after an innings in which almost the only incident was the ball's losing itself in his pad above the knee. "W.G. once ran eleven when that happened," said a spectator behind me. Hammond came after him and sent a schoolgirl catch to Chipperfield, the bowler, when he had scored 2. Hendren, who had superstitiously refused to take advantage of the democratic revolution at Lord's, which permitted the professionals and amateurs to use the same dressing room, was given a reception that showed that he was the most popular man on the field, but it was to an accompaniment of sad hand-clapping that he walked back to the Pavilion when he had made only 13. England had now lost 3 wickets for 99 runs on a wicket said to be perfect.

Wyatt, whose thumb-guard was twice sent flying into the air, kept his end up steadily till Walters was caught, having made 82 runs, and the score stood at 130 for 4 wickets—a disastrous-looking situation with Walters gone.

It was Wyatt, Leyland and Ames who pulled the game together during the rest of the afternoon. The crowd gradually lost its sense of impending defeat, as Leyland and Ames began to run dangerous singles, and Leyland's left-handedness kept the fielders on the run. There was a shout of joy when Leyland swept a no-ball right among the spectators for 6. But it was a day of few striking incidents, few conspicuous personalities. At the end of the day, when England had scored 293 for 5 wickets, the crowd had a rather dull sense of an impending draw.

The second day's play was, in parts, a little soporific. I do not know why anybody pays to be present at a Test Match if he wants to sleep, but it should be put on record that on Saturday both on the grass and in the stands several spectators were to be seen sleeping. To be sure, those who remained awake had the pleasure of seeing centuries completed by Leyland and Ames, and the appearance of the figure 100 has always a curiously elevating effect on the spirits. At the same time, the English batting was not quite so exciting as the Australian fielding. It must have been pretty sound, however, to knock up a score of 440 against such fielding. To the expert—if not to the inexpert—eye, it was even beautiful.

It was later in the afternoon, however, that the cricket

achieved a beauty that could not have been missed even by a spectator who understood neither the technique nor the rules of the game. While Bradman batted, a livelier emerald twinkled in the grass for every man, woman and child who was present. He put into his play all the high spirits of cricket. He is a player who can often be seen talking laughingly to the wicket-keeper between one ball and the next, and there was a boyish glee in the way in which he whipped and flicked the ball into every corner of the field that he wished. It is always good to see a boundary hit smashingly. To see three boundaries in succession hit smashingly as Bradman hit three boundaries off Verity on Saturday is like draughts of bubbling wine to the spectator. There is nobody else living who can intoxicate a crowd on the cricket-field like this. How beautiful is incaution when it is linked to masterly skill! But how dangerous! I confess that, though I hoped England would win, my heart sank when Bradman was caught and bowled by Verity at 36, and the flashing bat was to flash no more for the day.

Then came the wet week-end, turning the pitch into a Slough of Despond for the Australians. So soaked was it that on one occasion Hendren, when stepping across it, pulled up the legs of his trousers like a Victorian lady holding up her skirts to cross a puddled street. In vain did the Australian batsmen pat it and remove this and that from its surface. Verity, meditative as an economist at Geneva, cunning as Ulysses, had exactly the pitch that his left hand of the many wiles needed, and he bowled all day long as if to men who had been stupefied by drugs. Aesthetically, he is one of the most delightful of bowlers. As an inexpert, I am all in favour of fast bowling, but there is such grace in Verity's movement as he runs slowly up to the wicket and sends the ball spinning to its goal that one could watch him for ever—at least, if it had always been raining during the previous week-end. By the end of the Australian's first innings, when eight wickets had fallen for only 92 runs more than the Saturday score of 192, he had taken six of the eight. And how exciting it had become, when Australia needed only a few runs to save the follow-on. One watched every ball in the hope or fear of catastrophe. This was dramatic cricket at its best. No wonder the spectators went wild with joy when Wall was given out l.b.w. and the players trooped back into the Pavilion.

As for the second Australian innings, it was played by men who seemed to realise that they might as well have stayed playing cards in the Pavilion. Woodfull, slow as Learoyd, stood his ground nobly for a time—a great cricketer, though one gets tired after a time of looking at the Rock of Gibraltar. No one else but Chipperfield looked as if he knew what to do with Verity's bowling. Occasionally, a batsman would hit out at it, like an exasperated man striking at a wasp with a tennis-racquet; and, when he did so, sure as fate the ball would go on wings into a fielder's hands. Bradman took a careful look at it for a time, and then decided that he was the equal and indeed the superior of the English climate. He sent one ball high as a shrilling swift into the air and almost scored a boundary. That convinced him that the spirit of don't-give-a-damn could beat even Verity. He struck out nobly again, mistimed his stroke, and the ball shot high above his head and was lost for a time in the ether. The only danger of its being missed when it came back was that so many English fielders were waiting for it that they might collide and knock each other over. Wisely, all but Ames stepped aside, and Bradman was gone to a shout of joy that must have reached Australia. It was now all over. The spectators became almost uproarious as one wicket fell after another and dejected batsmen made their way through the slough back to the Pavilion. Australia was undoubtedly on the run. The team, possibly, is at least as good as the English team, but it had been routed by Verity plus the English climate. On such an occasion, who wants the better team to win? No one but an imaginary sportsman. There were very few of these angelic characters present at Lord's on Monday. Y. Y.

## "CLOSE OF PLAY SCORE"

THOUGH the problems of peace, and of trade,
Of collection, and payment of debt,
With each blunder, so hopefully made,
May grow darker and thornier yet;
Though we may not completely forget
How Sir Oswald is training his hordes—
All my hopes and desires have been set,
This week, on the issues at Lord's.

O! 'tis folly, I grant, to be thrilled
When the stop-press shows England ahead,
While more sensitive spirits are filled
With concern over Black Shirts, or Red;
Yet scant solace, when all has been said,
Their political fervour rewards—
There's no ruin, no slaughter to dread
From the fateful encounter at Lord's.

Though selectors, like voters, may err,
And captains, like statesmen, be blind
To the tactical instincts that stir
In the erudite critical mind;
Though the blame for each fault be assigned
By pens that are sharper than swords—
Yet no crisis will punish mankind
For an error committed at Lord's.

Then forgive me for once if I turn
From the burden of difficult years,
From the truths we so dimly discern
Through a mist of suspicions and fears,
To the crowd as it surges and cheers
On the Mound, while the score-card records
The triumphs, unsullied by tears,
Of Verity's bowling at Lord's!

MACFLECKNOE

# Correspondence

## INTERRUPTERS AT MEETINGS

SIR,—If, as seems possible, legislation on this subject is introduced in the near future, it would appear to be important that a question which goes to the root of the matter, and upon which much uncertainty appears to exist, should be definitely settled by it.

It is, I think, agreed that the right of "self-help" includes the right of the occupant of land to exclude by force any person who, without claim of right, attempts to enter thereon, and even (if he can) to remove by force any such person who has entered without permission. Of course, no more force than is reasonably necessary must be employed.

The only doubt on this point arises from the terms of certain ancient Acts of Parliament known as the Statutes of Forcible Entry; but it is agreed, I think, that these statutes give the intruder no right of complaint. But the question is whether a person who has entered a building with the permission of the occupant, especially if he has paid for admission, can lawfully be ejected by the occupant or his agents if (to use a general term) he misconducts himself. Again it must, of course, be understood that only reasonable force is employed.

The strongest authority for the asserters of the right of ejection is the well-known case of the caretaker of a golf course who was removed from his official quarters after his engagement had terminated. But it must be remembered that, in that case, the ex-caretaker claimed, in effect, to convert his mere permissory occupation into a freehold. The interrupter at a public meeting makes no such claim.

Until a few years ago, it was supposed to be the legal doctrine that the occupant of land who had allowed a person to enter his land for a money payment could, by revoking his "licence," make the entrant a "trespasser *ab initio*," and so establish a right of

forcible ejectment. But the case of 1845 (*Wood* v. *Leadbitter*), which was quoted as the authority for this view, was definitely overruled as "contrary to common sense" by the Court of Appeal in the well-known and recent case of *Hurst* v. *Picture Theatres* in 1915; and the plea of "trespasser *ab initio*" is not received with sympathy by modern judges, who are more concerned with substantial justice than with legal fictions.

A person who acts in a disorderly manner at a lawful public meeting commits an offence against the Public Meeting Act, 1908; but he does not necessarily commit either a felony or a breach of the peace, and therefore, it would seem, no private person has a right to use force against him. He can simply be prosecuted in the ordinary way. It is well-established legal doctrine that words are not of themselves a breach of the peace.

It is possible that the claim to eject an interrupter rests on a statement in a text-book of high repute which, out of respect, I refrain from naming, that "if any persons present . . . disturb the order of the meeting, the chairman may order them to be removed." The sole authority given for this statement does not in the least support it. It is the case of *Lucas* v. *Mason* in 1875, which was not a case of ejectment at all, but a case in which an interrupter sued the chairman of a meeting at which certain stewards had forcibly brought him (the interrupter) "to the front" (i.e., of the gallery). The case simply decided that the chairman was not liable for the alleged acts of the stewards, who were not his servants, and the judgment of that very careful judge, the late Baron Pollock, contains no word which can properly be quoted as affording any support, even as a *dictum*, of the rule so boldly laid down by the learned writer of the text-book.

A practical test may be suggested. If the chairman of an interrupted meeting requested a policeman to put the interrupter out, would the policeman comply? I doubt it, unless, of course, the interrupter were really guilty of violence. Is it claimed that the stewards' rights are greater than those of the official guardian of order?

It is surely time that this difficult and practically important question was plainly settled by unquestionable authority.

Royal Societies Club, EDWARD JENKS
St. James's Street, S.W.1.

## THE BLACK ARMY

SIR,—The letter from your anonymous Fascist correspondent is excellently illustrative of the illogicality of Sir Oswald Mosley's followers and admirers in stating their arguments. After commencing one of his paragraphs with the words: "One of his charges against the Jews . . ." he registers an indignant denial of the charge of anti-Semitism against the B.U.F. This after Sir Oswald has described the Jews as the dregs of the Ghetto!

As a proof of Sir Oswald's internationalism and pacifist tendencies, your correspondent reminds us that he has borrowed freely from Italy and Germany. He omits to state what it is that has been borrowed so freely, but it does not need a super-intelligence to deduce what type of ideas can be imported from such hot-beds of militarism and nationalism. If I see my antagonist arming himself, and I do likewise, does that mean that I wish to co-operate with him? BERNARD ADLER
88 Manor Road, N.16.

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SIR,—"British Fascist" says that Sir Oswald Mosley is not anti-internationalist. The short and simple answer is Sir Oswald's own statement, repeated on more than one platform, that he stands for "Britain first, the Dominions second, and the foreigner nowhere." It is surprising that a follower of one who enjoys the support of Lord Rothermere should boast of being either Socialist, Pacifist or Internationalist. ARCHIBALD ROBERTSON
13 Laurel Road,
Wimbledon, S.W.20.

## INTERNATIONAL DEFENCE

SIR,—We are getting on. I have just returned from the National Peace Council meeting in Birmingham, and the most remarkable feature of it was the recognition by all except the radical pacifists that disarmament was unattainable except through some or other measure of collective action spelling "security." It is now only the Prime Minister—and his motley colleagues—who can solemnly reiterate the British appeal for disarmament unaccompanied by guarantees of international defence.

I think, sir, that at a time when it is still so misrepresented we should understand what the French conception of international security really is. They say, with Article 8 of the Covenant, that "the enforcement by common action of international obligations" is a *sine qua non* condition of any surrender of national power; or, to put it in another way, that until the defence risks of the several States are assumed by a supra-national authority the limits of any "disarmament" must be the requirements of the military departments in each country. Owing mainly to British opposition, they are still waiting in vain for an international executive body to make Article 8 operative. The Council, composed of diplomats reared in the balance-of-power tradition, is clearly not the appropriate body.

Now the League of Nations Union is holding its General Council meeting, too, this week, and no doubt the resolutions approved will contain some further reference to the need for collective action against the aggressor. But, really, does that get us anywhere? "The might of all for the defence of each" is all very well as a formula, but it evades the practical and urgent question of establishing an international authority competent to undertake the defence responsibilities now incumbent on the individual "sovereign" State.

In other words, Article XVI, the "sanctions" article, is not really a positive contribution to the only real policy of "security" which consists in the prevention of war. The *ad hoc* pooling of national armaments for co-operative action against a law-breaker seems to me, at any rate, an intellectualist conceit which takes no account of psychological realities. In the real world, as we saw in the case of the Japanese aggression in Manchuria, each of the "sovereign" States is apt to behave like those in the parable who were bidden to the wedding-feast. Economic interests and a "public opinion" at sixes and sevens are, naturally, too strong for a State to place its international co-operation pledges before its self-interest.

The only hope, I suggest, *is* in the alternative continually propounded by France (but also by many of the best minds on the Continent), i.e., an international force *pre-organised*—indeed where possible recruited as well as controlled by a body representing the collectivity of States—to deter and, if necessary, restrain the law-breaker.

But the whole purpose of such a force, and this needs to be underlined, is to effect disarmament. Hence the plan for abolition of national military and naval air forces in Europe, made possible by internationalising civil aviation and a small guarantee force. In the case of the air arm the process of disarming the nations and arming the wider community can be virtually simultaneous; for land and sea forces it must obviously be a gradual and lengthy process. But the principle is the same. The new and revolutionary idea of international government has to be applied first of all to the new and revolutionary science of aviation; then we shall gradually come to see that national armies and navies beyond the level required for preserving domestic law and order are an expensive anachronism. It is our last chance.

Savile Club, W.1. W. HORSFALL CARTER

## THE 40-HOUR WEEK

SIR,—In your "Comment" on the 40-hour week proposal now being considered at Geneva, you throw doubt on the validity of the British Government's objection that it is likely "to raise the relative wage costs in the higher wage countries and thus to reduce their competitive power." You argue that if this were really the case, we should not find, as we do, industrialists of the more backward countries united with those of the more advanced in opposition to the proposal.

Is not the position really this? To reduce hours puts up production costs in the high wage countries more than in the low wage ones; the power of the former in competition with the latter is thus reduced. But while the low wage countries may gain in this way, reduced hours simultaneously weaken their position in another direction. They, in turn, are in competition with still more rudimentary methods of manufacture, probably of a semi-domestic character, and are selling to consumers whose purchasing power is so limited that a slight rise in prices causes a rapid contraction of demand. It is not therefore really a matter for surprise that industrialists of both advanced and backward countries find themselves in agreement.

But there is an even more important aspect to bear in mind. As an industrial nation it is not enough only to consider the effect

of shorter hours on the competitive powers of our European neighbours. We must consider the effect still further afield.

I have recently returned from an extensive tour of Central Africa, beginning in the Gold Coast and ending in Kenya and the Sudan. Contact with the African impresses on one that he, like other non-industrial workers and producers of raw materials, is not getting a fair deal. In so far as he grows "money" crops, he is getting in sterling roughly 20 per cent. less for them than he did pre-war; at the same time he is having to pay about 40 per cent. more for the manufactured articles he gets in exchange. Without minimising the effect of tariffs and quotas, this is undoubtedly one of the underlying causes of reduced international trade.

While raw material prices remain at their present level, any proposal such as the limitation of hours of work to 40, which must put up production costs, is likely to make this situation worse with corresponding handicaps to our exports. Luckily for the native, Europe and the U.S.A. are not the only industrial countries of the world. There is Japan, whose products are to be found far from their country of origin in places such as British West Africa, the Katanga region of the Belgian Congo, and the Kenya-Abyssinian Border. It is true that we in common with the Belgians or French are by quotas and restrictions trying to stop the natives under our control from making a more remunerative exchange by buying from Japan; but there are limitations to this policy and we cannot expect the native to accept it in perpetuity.

We, along with our European competitors, are thus faced with trying to sell manufactured articles to Africans, and of course also to all the other non-industrialised people of the world, at prices which give them a worse bargain than 20 years ago. Not only so, we are in addition up against Japan who is prepared to give much more favourable terms. In these circumstances, is it wise to regard as mere naughtiness the opposition of European industrialists and their Governments to the higher production costs involved in a 40-hour week? L. J. CADBURY

"The Davids," Northfield,
Birmingham.

[We have always agreed that, in a world of international competition, the 40-hour week involves great difficulties. But the moral would seem to be rather that the prices of raw materials should be raised to a more tolerable level than that conditions in the advanced countries should be kept in correspondence to the abnormally depressed purchasing power of the primary producers. As for the gain to the lower-wage industrial countries at the expense of those with higher standards, our point was that this would mainly come, if at all, from the failure to include adequate wage-safeguards in the Convention.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

## ARCHITECTURAL CENSORSHIP

SIR,—There have been, in the technical press and elsewhere, so many mis-statements of facts and misrepresentation of the attitude of the Ruislip-Northwood Urban District Council regarding the building plans which were the subject of the recent arbitration, that I should like to be permitted to make the following observations.

The Council has no prejudice against any particular school of architecture. It raised no objection to the use of reinforced concrete, and has, in fact, approved the plans for other concrete houses of modern design. The plans submitted were for a block of two houses (not a colony), and although, in order that all relevant facts might be considered, the Council endeavoured to ascertain whether these two were to be part of a larger scheme, no definite information was obtained, and no evidence was furnished as to the character of the lay-out which would be adopted if further houses of the same type were projected. The proposed site was in the near neighbourhood of existing houses of conflicting type.

The Council was of opinion that the design, considered in relation to the site, would be injurious to the amenity of the neighbourhood and, acting under the powers in its Town Planning Scheme, intimated that for this reason the plans could not be approved. The opinion of the local advisory panel of the R.I.B.A. and the C.P.R.E. was subsequently obtained, and the panel unanimously endorsed that view, adding further comments on certain technical aspects which have since been wrongly attributed to the Council. It would have been futile for the Council, prior to the arbitration, to have suggested modifications of the design, as I understand that the builders' architects refused to consider any suggestions made to them by the chairman of the panel before that body reported to the Council. The arbitrator, himself an architect of standing, subsequently confirmed the view taken by the Council and by the panel that those particular houses on that particular site would be injurious to the amenity of the neighbourhood. This consensus of opinion on the merits of the proposal cannot justly be challenged by anyone who is not familiar with both the plans and the site.

So much for the facts of this case. The comments which have appeared in the technical press, however, raise points which make the matter something more than a domestic dispute in the architectural profession.

My Council has frequently (and during the past eight years to my own knowledge), exercised its powers under the Town Planning Scheme and secured improvements in elevation designs. When the R.I.B.A. and the C.P.R.E. decided to set up local advisory panels, the idea was welcomed by my Council. The present is the first case that has been referred to the panel, and, although the advice of that body was unanimous, and has been endorsed by the architect arbitrator, the Council finds itself embroiled in the fraternal bickerings of the profession. The unreasonable criticisms which have been published, often without knowledge or with disregard of the true facts, may well cause local authorities who are less keen on these matters than is the Ruislip-Northwood Council to boycott the panels or even to abandon all attempt to exercise any control over elevations. If the labours of the past 20 years in this direction are not to be in vain, greater, not less, co-operation is needed between local authorities and the architectural profession. But it is essential that the latter should be prepared to abide by the decisions of a qualified and properly constituted arbitrator. Moreover, the value of the advisory panels will be destroyed if they are to be hampered by restrictions which would require them to approve every design which conformed to the tenets of a recognised school of architecture, and would preclude them from taking into account such matters as incongruous juxtaposition or other relevant local considerations extrinsic to the unit plan. K. MCFARLANE,

Ruislip-Northwood Urban District Council, Chairman
Council Offices, Northwood.

## THE FUTURE OF MONEY

SIR,—Your three articles on Money are as disappointing as the correspondence in the *Times* which began last April. You avoid the real trouble, which is that while industry is turning out more and more goods, there is no corresponding increase of money to buy them. Purchasing power is not to be measured by quantity of money at any particular date, but by the money which in a given period passes into the hands of persons able and wishful to purchase. And while goods can in any given period always be made, purchasing power cannot (except that *part* of the cost of the goods which is represented by wages and salaries). Time is of the essence of the problem; it is no use talking of the money coming round again. Banks will advance money and goods may be made. If they advance money for purchasing, as in overdrafts, a debt remains.

In your last article you go back to "planning," which reminds me of the *Week End Review* of a few years ago. But this does not help to buy the goods. The world can only get out of the mess by making what is wanted, money tickets for purchasing.

The Limes, J. G. ASHLEY
Willsbridge, Nr. Bristol.

[Our correspondent assumes a *permanent* deficiency of purchasing power to buy what is being produced. We do not accept this view. Further, he appears to assume that the *increased* output of goods takes place without *decrease* in costs, which we do not accept either. ED., *N. S. & N.*]

## THE IRISH ANNUITIES

SIR,—I am interested by your comparison of the Anglo-American debt with the Irish annuities, and by the correspondence which it has provoked. It may perhaps be useful to examine any legal or moral differences which may be found between the two. But surely the most important difference is the practical one. An international debt can only be effectively discharged by a surplus of exports from the debtor country. In the case of our debt to America, the difficulties in the way of achieving this surplus are so great that they amount to a practical impossibility. In the case of the Irish annuities, the situation seems to be pre-

cisely the contrary. The Treasury manages to collect the greater part of the sum due to it by a special duty on Irish imports. Yet in spite of this tax, the volume of those imports does not seem to diminish very much. We have always imported from Ireland a large quantity of goods, part of which presumably used to represent the effective payment of the annuities (or rather, of that part of them which is payable to persons resident in Great Britain). Had there existed a proportionately large export trade from Britain to America, the American Government, in the event of payments being suspended, might have recouped itself in a similar way. But I do not think that there would ever have been any question of our suspending payment.

I know that some people in this country like to defend the suspension of our American payments on various moral grounds, as, for example, that the war was fought for a common purpose, that we ourselves have remitted all the war debts due to us from our Allies, and so on. I think that these arguments always obscure the true reason, which I have stated above, and which it would be unnecessary to elaborate in your paper. J. S. WEDDERBURN

## DOWN THE DRAIN

SIR,—Y. Y.'s reference to the child's fear of being swept down the bath pipe recalls a verse that may still be heard on village greens in remote Essex and Suffolk, where children play and sing in quaint chorus :

" Our baby bin fell down the plug hole
Our Mary lays under the plug,
She's so wunnerful thin
She bin an' fell in,
She oughter bin bathed in the jug."

Judging by the fashion of the singing, the abrupt departure of little Mary has roused no grief in the family. S. L. B.

## SPAHLINGER

SIR,—I read Lens' article, " Homage to Spahlinger," with great interest and sent it to a Dutch University Professor, who is one of the greatest authorities on the subject in this country. He also is a very liberal-minded man without any prejudice. Here follows his answer :

> I certainly will not write publicly about Spahlinger's vaccine. Formerly it was a secret medicament. A few years ago Spahlinger, after much hesitation, had to publish his discovery and then it appeared that it was no discovery at all. The reliable tests have yielded no result. In England large sums have been spent to try the medicament ; laymen have recommended it with great zeal, but it has been much ado about nothing.

Whom am I to believe ? G. VAN DEN BERGH
Amsterdam, Handelstraat 5.

## THE SURPLUS MILK

SIR,—The capitalist economic policy of destruction as a cure for " over-production " passes from the idiotic to the criminal when it affects the health of the growing children. To pour milk into the gutter, to manufacture it into buttons, or even cheese, is a lamentably inadequate attempt to fulfil the country's first charge, the feeding of the children. Medical opinion all over the country proclaims the necessity of milk foods for children. The effects of the present malnutrition will stamp the race in years to come. Already in certain poor districts, two-thirds of the young men who apply to join the Army are rejected as not physically fit.

The Labour League of Youth of this town is advocating a scheme of distributing free milk all through the year to all elementary school-children. Of 14,000 such children in Ipswich, 4,500 are receiving milk, and 2,500 of these pay for it themselves. Nationally, such a scheme, at prices obtaining to-day, would cost approximately £4,000,000 annually. The Government is already subsidising the industry to the amount of £4,500,000 in two years. We claim that the children should be subsidised before the farmers. In comparison with the sums we spend on past and present wars, such a sum is a mere pin-prick.

Incidentally, it seems to be the best way of solving the problem of " surplus " milk, by creating a constant new market.

3 Nadori Road, Ipswich. BERYL PRING,
Chairman of the Ipswich
Labour League of Youth

# Miscellany

## ANNABELLA AT THE CURZON CINEMA

IT would be the act of a cad to criticise too severely the entertainment at such a comfortable house as the Curzon. It would be like accepting an invitation to spend a week-end with a duke, and then guying his conversation afterwards in the gutter press. Perhaps it was partly those discreet stalls, which cherish the body so knowingly that one becomes unconscious of it, that made me enjoy more than some of my highbrow friends *We Two Together*. The picture is sentimental, of course, but then it never pretended to be anything else, and the sentiment seemed dewy and wholesome in this story of two out-of-works by the banks of the river who, by their mutual love, work themselves back to where they can acquire a taxi-cab. It is *couleur de rose*, no doubt. But perhaps one sometimes feels for a few minutes how the hero and heroine feel the whole time ; the street urchins were all too clean, and the workmen's dwellings too illustrative of a Marxian paradise (or were they in fact the actual buildings which were destroyed by Dollfuss ?). And Annabella herself, especially since she has plucked her eyebrows to René Clair's helpless exasperation, never really looked very near suicide. The film is false in all these ways ; yet was full of happy little inventions, and pretty pictures, while the language difficulty (*We Two Together* is the most cosmopolitan of films) reduced most of the actors to silence ; so that *We Two Together* is almost a silent picture and perhaps thus contains a lesson, though an unintended one for producers. After all, if you just gaze on one another with an expression suggesting that your feelings are too deep for words, the result is likely to be better than if you say the same thing at enormous length in very tenth-rate language. The weakness of *We Two Together* is obviously that the film pretends, unlike most Hollywood pictures, to deal with real life ; and then fails to do so. But within its convention it seemed to me to walk gracefully to its appointed end, and to be about real and attractive people. I was very glad to see a revival of Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt in *The Guardsman* as the second part of the programme ; for this shows that it is now possible for a picture to have a second wind. And a delightful picture it is, sophisticated, light and cynical, a variation on the apparently eternal theme of the *Wife of Ephesus* by Menander which has arrived *via* Chapman and *Cosi fan tutte* to the Lunts ; it is a noble pedigree. When this film was first put on at the Empire it was a flop, as the hectic methods of publicity employed by the large film combines allow no means of advertising anything so quiet and civilised as *The Guardsman*. The only criticism to be made is that a little too much of the original play structure remains. But on the whole the scaffolding has been cleverly cut away and the filmgoer has an opportunity, only too rare, of witnessing a comedy written for people whose minds move at a normal rate, and where every point has not been underlined till one wants to scream. It is to be hoped that the showing of old pictures which are worthy of being revived will become an integral part of the policy of the Curzon. For the wastage of good material is one of the most maddening features of the American ruthlessness that characterises the film industry ; and a picture that has been a flop at the Empire is as likely as anything else to be a success at a small house like the Curzon. Further, we must recognise that the departure of Germany from the international film market and the apparent inability of the Russians to go on producing anything ordinary people want to see makes the output of " highbrow films " terribly restricted. So we are just at the moment when the starting of a system of revivals or even a repertory film house like the new venture at the Everyman Theatre, Hampstead, has everything in its favour. On the whole this bill at the Curzon sets about its business very well. FRANCIS BIRRELL

# A NEGATIVE SUCCESS

TOMMY SLATER was reading one of Dickens's novels one day, at the age of thirteen, when the feeling came over him that he could write in that sort of way himself. So he bought a lot of nibs and paper and, when the summer holidays came round, sat down to write. He had not gone deeply into the question of how ideas are found; he supposed that to a born writer the plots just came. But although he was a born writer they did not come to him; and all he wrote was "By Thomas Slater" at the top of the paper. Which was disappointing.

Later on he found out that provided you thought about something—something definite—and just not everything in general, ideas about that something came into your head. So he began writing a novel in which the enthralling powers of Hall Caine were to be combined with the humour of Dickens. Had he had sufficient leisure this opus would doubtless have been concluded and possibly published, to the joy of his doting parents and the nausea of the world. But by this time he was working very hard for a living, performing the duties of an office boy with astonishing absent-mindedness. He was therefore sixteen years of age before he finished the third chapter, and was old enough to know that the whole thing was tosh.

In his seventeenth year it dawned upon Tommy that the difficulty of making Footprints on the Sands of Time was that a great many other people were making Footprints on the same Sands, and that it was going to be extraordinarily difficult to make larger and deeper impressions than other people, whatever the size of one's feet. The newspapers contained announcements, it seemed, of dozens of new novelists every day, and his position as the wearer of Dickens's mantle was threatened by a myriad of rivals. So he thought he had better stop writing and wait till he felt sure he could write better than most people. He had not long to wait. The feeling came over him almost at once; but the war intervened, and Tommy became an oddly inefficient "able" seaman in the Royal Navy. This prevented him writing at all. He considered it one of the horrors of war. Had he stayed at home he would probably have written just well—and just badly—enough to become a best seller.

Returning to his pens and paper, now aged twenty-one, Tommy wrote short stories and articles and sketches and sent them out to Editors, who returned them either with annoying promptitude or with annoying dilatoriness. One manuscript was accepted; but before it was published the newspaper went bankrupt, and Tommy's story was returned to him in an envelope marked "Official Receiver."

The rejections annoyed Tommy at the time, but afterwards he was glad, for although the stories were better than other people's they were not quite worthy of him, and were better unpublished. He continued this process for years; writing stories, articles and novels which nobody printed, and afterwards feeling glad they had not.

Now, at the age of thirty, there began the period when Tommy would spend a year or two years finishing a novel or a play and then, just as he was about to submit them to publishers or managers, consigning them to a bottom drawer. On the day of completing a novel, for instance, he would read an adverse criticism of someone else's novel; and the blemishes of his own work would dawn upon him. This meant that his works never saw the light of day and he received no commendation for their merits; but equally he endured no condemnation of their defects. After some years of this process Tommy perceived that although he had no good press notices he had no bad ones. Negatively considered he was a success. This absurd but comforting notion amused him. He had been writing for twenty years, he said to himself, and not one of his books had met a hostile reception or suffered the ignominy of being relegated to a box marked "Twopence this lot." Such freedom from the stigma of failure throughout his career was due to the exquisite fastidiousness and taste with which he had criticised his own work. As other men run their hands pridefully along the backs of their published works, so he ran his mind over the series of his unprinted manuscripts, and thrilled at the recollection of the clever but imperfect things he had had the good sense not to offer the world.

Being now employed in a very subsidiary capacity in a newspaper office, where new literary works came in for review by the dozen each day and were kicked about the floor, Tommy more and more perceived the absurdity of writing at all, except in the unlikely event of having something to say that had not been said before. The result was that he now realised the faults of his works before he had written them. A new idea would seize him, and a fresh bottle of ink be purchased; but, before he had begun, it would dawn upon him that Balzac or someone had written something rather like it; and the paper remained unsullied.

"If an artist is he who knows what to leave out, I am exquisitely the artist," said Tommy to himself. "I have left the whole thing out. No faults of content, construction or style mar my work."

That was the penultimate stage. After it, Tommy could seldom think of anything that he could feel sufficiently enthusiastic about to contemplate setting upon paper.

Before he ever finished another work he died; and if they had known about him he would live in the grateful hearts of readers upon whom he did not inflict his works.

G. F. MATHEW

# NATIONAL AND PROVINCIAL

THE increasing centralisation of the English theatre may be highly agreeable to the landlords, managers, and actors of the West End, but, on the assumption that the theatre is an essential part of national civilisation, it is an extremely serious matter for the country. The English theatre is ceasing to be English and becoming an aspect of London only. Up to the end of last century a playgoer in any of our large cities had much the same opportunities as a citizen of London. All the best players, all the international stars, went the round as a regular thing. Now such visits are occasional, and then, as a rule, they are experiments with a new piece. The provincial is the proverbial dog on whom it is tried, the taster who must risk the dish before it is eaten by the magnifico. The eighteenth-century dramatic culture was widely diffused. There were no long runs in London and the leading players were soon off to Bath, Cheltenham, Exeter, Dublin, Edinburgh. One hardly thinks of Mrs. Siddons as a Londoner.

It may be answered that this is of no matter. Cheap and rapid transport has brought the provincial players to the London play. Sir Oswald Stoll has complained about the damage done to London theatres by the exclusion of provincial motor coaches from the London Transport area. At the Duchess Theatre an interesting experiment has been made in analysing the audience geographically; the questionnaire presented to playgoers has been well answered and the results are of considerable value. A West End play begins with a West End audience; after six months, to judge by the example of Mr. Priestley's *Laburnum Grove*, the audience is composed as follows:

> London (City and West End), 10 per cent.; London suburbs, 32.8 per cent.; Home counties, 16.9 per cent.; North and Midlands, 33.3 per cent.; Foreign countries 3.2 per cent.; Dominions and Colonies, 3.8 per cent.

Mid-week matinées on "cheap-ticket" days are now a considerable asset to the London box-office.

Accordingly, it can be argued that the drama is still as national as ever it was, with the difference that the audience

kindly travels to the player, instead of waiting for the player to take the road or the train. But that is only half the truth. Such dependence of the London theatre on the London hotels means that only the richer folk or those who have to make business journeys do the playgoing; the smaller professional people have neither liberty nor funds for these jaunts. These are the backbone of the little civic theatres that have struggled into a laborious, penurious existence owing to the decay of the touring system.

These theatres are rather like the hospitals; they are always on the verge of closing, but they manage, by stinting and begging and enlisting labours of love, not to close. From a financial point of view they are fundamentally uneconomic; they dare not charge economic prices; sometimes they are backed by a rich man, who happens to be interested in the theatre and has the decency to spend his money in his own town, instead of losing it in London. The provinces have another grievance against the capital in the amount of "country" money which has been devoted to the amusement of the already wealthy capital. The late Lord Lathom poured Lancashire money into the London theatre. Some of it was well spent, but the Lancashire theatre needed such a Maecenas far more than London did. Several Yorkshire fortunes have been ludicrously, pitifully squandered in the same place. Sir Barry Jackson has been exceptional in his loyalty to his own region.

But even he has found the Birmingham Repertory Theatre too much for his resources, and a public appeal for aid, no less than a capital sum of £20,000, has been issued by the Civic Society. Sir Barry has added immensely to the good name of his city, and the city should now show its appreciation in kind. But would it not be wiser to reconstruct the Birmingham Playhouse, which cannot hold a big enough audience to be economic? "An annual loss," I read, "is inevitable. Even allowing for increased admission charges and other extra income it is estimated that the average annual deficit will be approximately £2,750." In other countries it is held that theatrical art is as essential to national culture as museums, books, and pictures, for which the English do, grudgingly, make communal payments. A French or a German Birmingham would endow its Playhouse. But England, where the Puritan hatred of the theatre still colours the town councillor's mind, will not hear of that. So provincial self-help continues its unending struggle to make both ends meet. The problem defies solution, because these little theatres have usually been insufficiently capitalised from the start and are too small to exploit a success when they have it. I find it hard to believe that the Birmingham policy of meeting a considerable and inevitable loss is wiser than an audacious resolve to build afresh with some hope of running upon economic lines thereafter. But the Civic Society knows its own difficulties best.

What we can avoid, however, is the avoidance of huge capital expenditure on a National Theatre in London. There is no great danger of this at the moment, but if there were it would be obviously contrary to national policy to go on adding to the already ample theatrical resources of London while the provinces are starved of decent drama. Were the capital for a National Theatre available, it would be far better spent in establishing six civic theatres in premises where they could hope to be self-maintenant, than in further *largesse* to the West End. There has been too much use of the word "little" with regard to the native theatre of the provinces, which need neither giants which cannot be filled, nor midgets which cannot pay when they are filled. If a quarter of the provincial money that has been poured into Shaftesbury Avenue had been kept at home, and used to capitalise the local drama sanely, this nuisance would never have occurred. It would be a fine responsive gesture if London would abandon its ideal of a national and palatial theatre and work instead for a chain of national and provincial theatres, modest but not midget, and large enough to be economically workable.

IVOR BROWN

# PLAYS AND PICTURES

### The People's National Theatre

According to La Rochefoucauld, there are two things which man dare not look in the face—death and the midday sun. Ignorance of Mr. Shaw's women alone prevented the addition of a third. In *Village Wooing*, as presented at the Little Theatre, the woman is called Z, perhaps to imply that having come to the end of the alphabet in which a start was made with Ann Whitefield, Mr. Shaw's conception of the female boa-constrictor remains unchanged. Where Ann beguiles Tanner from Granada to a London Registry Office, Z entices A from a pleasure ship in the Red Sea to an unconvincingly clean village shop in Wiltshire. The Shavian road is familiar, but there still lurks a surprise round every corner. "I speak for your good," Z coaxes, only to be knocked out with, "The most offensive liberty one human being can possibly take with another." Mr. Shaw's dialogue invigorates old themes, but it was unfortunate that Dame Sybil Thorndike should give this village postmistress accents which were a hotch-potch of her past. Shades of Saint Joan made uneasy going on Salisbury Plain. Galsworthy's *Little Man*, which completed the evening, was indifferently produced. The *tempo* was too slow, so that none of the urgency of a railway station was conveyed. Also Mr. Speaight's caricature of an Austrian official was allowed to obscure the satire in the farce. As the American, Mr. Currie showed the impossibility of talking humbly of humility, and Mr. Jonathan Field gave to the silent Dutch Boy the most eloquent smile in London.

### An O'Casey Revival

*Juno and the Paycock* seems to lose none of its dramatic pungency with the years. If the play is not a classic—and it contains enough of broad superficiality to make one a little less ready to consider it one than at the first seeing—it at least promises to be the play of a whole generation, and with familiarity one is able more easily to appreciate the cunning of its workmanship. The company of Irish Players at the Embassy is, alas, not entirely that which electrified London a few years back. The memory of Sydney Morgan's brilliant performance as Joxer must inevitably overshadow even such capable work as that of Mr. Fred O'Donovan in the part. Mr. Arthur Sinclair's comic genius has expanded since he first played Captain Boyle and, funny as he is, one misses the more subtle strokes of character which are sacrificed for new laughter. Miss Maire O'Neill, most uneven of all the original fine team, has developed a greater depth of passion and sincerity in the part of Juno, and her performance in its moving intensity is easily outstanding—far surpassing, incidentally, her playing of the same part a year or two ago. The production is, perhaps necessarily, a little crude, but more dexterity in the handling of the "noises off" would be an advantage.

## THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, June 29th—
Pageant of the Evolution of Parliament, Albert Hall, 8.
Flower Show, British Delphinium Society, New Horticultural Hall.

SATURDAY, June 30th—
Royal Air Force Display, Hendon.
Performance of "As You Like It," by the Steep Shakespeare Players in the Gardens of Ashford Chace, Petersfield, 3 and 8.
Week-end School organised by the S.C.R., Digswell Park, Welwyn Garden City—Lecture by Dr. St. F. Ossiakovski on "Soviet Art," 5.30, and Roam Malnick on "Soviet Literature," 8.30. On July 1st, Edward Clark on "Soviet Music" at 11, and André van Gyseghem on "The Soviet Theatre" at 5.30.
"La Prisonnière," Arts Theatre.

SUNDAY, July 1st—
Geoffrey Heard on "After Dictatorship—What?", Conway Hall, 11.
"They Shall Not Die," Left Theatre production, Holborn Empire, 8.30.

MONDAY, July 2nd—
Historical Pageant and Tercentenary of Milton's "Masque of Comus," Ludlow.

TUESDAY, July 3rd—
Royal Agricultural Show, Ipswich.

WEDNESDAY, July 4th—
Regatta, Henley-on-Thames.
"The Maitlands," Wyndham's Theatre.

THURSDAY, July 5th—
Reception arranged by the S.C.R. for Air Pilot Molokov (rescuer of the Cheliuskin Expedition), Royal Society of Arts, 18 John Street, 8.

# Current Literature

## BOOKS IN GENERAL

> I find that we should say most times: *There is no such thing.* And I would often employ this answer but I dare not: for they cry, It is a defeature produced by ignorance and weaknesse of spirit. And I most commonly juggle for company's sake, to treate of idle subjects and frivolous discourses, which I believe nothing at all. Since truly it is a rude and quarrellous humour, flatly to deny a proposition. And few misse (especially in things hard to be perswaded) to affirme, that they have seene it; or to alleadge such witnesses, as their authority shall stay our contradiction . . . I have seene the birth of divers miracles in my dayes.

There is little doubt what Montaigne would have thought had he lived to read *The Loch Ness Monster and Others*, by R. T. Gould (Bles, 10*s.* 6*d.*), and it is as well to remind oneself of his attitude to the prodigies of the sixteenth century. There are not many persons of Montaigne's temperament at any time—but there are singularly few to-day in an age which one might have thought perfectly calculated to produce them. The explanation of their absence is perhaps that belief is a form of social self-protection normally employed by mankind and comparable to the power shown by tree-frogs of matching their background. It certainly seems to be something of the sort during war and in the mimic wars of politics. People believe "what is good for them," not, of course, what is good for the race, or the community as a whole, but for them as individuals living in a particular community. It is always a surprise that people find no difficulty in believing whatever they like, as though belief were a voluntary act. But for the tree-frog, the Christian Scientist and the patriot belief is voluntary, and the truth follows it. They need only say: I am green or I am brown—and hey, presto!—they are. Beliefs of this kind seem to be their own evidence, but inessential beliefs are a matter of appetite and of fashion. People long for the marvellous and for the new, but they prefer modish miracles. Thus, those who are ready to believe in the propositions put forward by Dunne in *An Experiment With Time* and regard them as scientific, would laugh the sea-serpent to scorn, though one belief shakes the whole fabric of our ideas to bits while the other merely adds a new species to the fauna.

* * *

Omitting a number of doubtful cases, Commander Gould shows that some seventy-five people or more say that they have seen something extraordinary or remarkable at Loch Ness, an object which he refers to as X. He has collected and compared some forty-two accounts of X, furnished him by eye-witnesses. Some witnesses have seen X several times: thus, Mrs. Simpson has seen it on five different occasions, while her husband has seen it once. Mrs. McLellan has also seen it several times, including once resting on the shore. It has also been watched for a considerable space of time—notably by Mr. Goodbody of the Loch Ness Fishery Board, and his two daughters, for forty minutes. These witnesses are of all sorts—a policeman, an A.A. Scout, a doctor and his wife, a schoolmaster, several engineers, etc. It is plain that they are not liars and it is probable that many have seen what they describe. A large number of witnesses have seen a violent commotion on the surface of the lake in calm weather. An engineer thought it was a geyser under water until he saw a head with short antennae lying on the water opening and shutting its mouth. Many people have seen a big wake or wash proceeding rapidly across the water, and a considerable number have seen a dark hump like an upturned boat. It is noticeable that the creature tended to show itself first as one or two humps, then as a row of humps, and only in later accounts did it lift its serpent-like head and neck from the water. This serpent-like head and neck is now what seems to be generally seen, and an admirable photograph taken on April 1st, 1934, by Mr. R. K. Wilson, F.R.C.S., shows this appearance. It is to be hoped the monster was not making an April fool of him. Commander Gould does not give any account of how this or either of the other photographs was secured, nor does he include the evidence of any of the photographers. It is also a pity that he does not give details of the hoaxes, or mention the dead goat which the creature was said to have eaten. He merely mentions in passing the fabrication of the creature's spoor with a hippopotamus foot mounted as an inkstand. Yet an impartial survey should take such activities into account.

* * *

It is very difficult for people to describe consistently what they have seen. Thus, Mr. and Mrs. Spicer, who state that X crossed the road in front of their car say: "It seemed to have a long neck which moved up and down in the manner of a scenic railway, and the body was fairly big with a high back." Mr. Spicer added that its length was 6-8 feet "and that it appeared to be carrying a small lamb or animal of some kind." Yet he saw no definite head. It crossed the road ahead of him in a series of jerks. The whole thing looked like a huge snail with a long neck. In conversation, he said that he had seen the film *King Kong* and that X much resembled the diplodocus-like dinosaur shown there except that no legs were visible while the neck was much longer. In a letter he says: "I afterwards came to the conclusion that the creature I saw must have been at least 25 feet in length."

Such inconsistencies are more likely to arise in the description of a real moving object than in that of a figment of the imagination. Miss MacDonald, saw X on May 1st, 1934, but two years previously she had seen a "crocodile" with a very short neck and long-toothed jaws swimming up the river Ness.

> Whatever the creature may have been, I do not connect it with the Loch Ness creature—nor does Miss MacDonald, who saw X two years later.

I cannot feel quite happy about this beastie.

* * *

Commander Gould goes at considerable length into the possible explanations that have been put forward. Such are the family of otters, a crocodile, a seal, a whale, a shark, etc. Perhaps the most striking is that of Mr. Campbell, water-bailiff at Fort Augustus, who saw X twice. On the second occasion:

> But the light was improving all the time, and in a matter of seconds I discovered that what I took to be the Monster was nothing more than a few cormorants, and what seemed to be its head was a cormorant standing in the water and flapping its wings as they often do. Owing to the uncertain light the bodies of the birds were magnified out of all proportion to their proper size.

Commander Gould is, however, strongly of the opinion that it is an enormous newt-like creature of the type of which he has collected accounts in his *Case for the Sea-Serpent.*

> Of course, if anyone chooses to assert that I went to Loch Ness with the intention (conscious or subconscious) of identifying the "monster" as a sea-serpent and pointed for confirmation to the fact that I have already committed a book about such creatures, and am an avowed believer in their existence, I have no means of disproving their assertions. But if I am any judge of what I think, and of how I form my convictions, I can—and I do—contradict it most emphatically.

Can any of us judge of how we form our convictions, and is Commander Gould more gifted in that way than the rest of gullible mankind? He has done his work well and conscientiously, yet it is unfortunate that an "avowed believer" in the existence of sea-serpents should have tackled this particular job. Yet he may be less prejudiced in the one direction than certain Zoologists are in the other. For example, Mr. Boulenger, F.Z.S., wrote: "the possibility of the beast being some huge animal must be ruled out, since the loch was, until lately, isolated but for certain subterranean inlets." These subterranean inlets are at least as legendary as the sea-serpent itself, and the statement completely overlooks the River Ness which has existed for a considerable period.

In conclusion—whose evidence would any of us trust? I found it very hard to pick four people out of my intimate acquaintance whose descriptions I could be sure would correspond really closely with what they saw, and I very much doubt if there are as many as four who would take my word for what I saw myself.

DAVID GARNETT

## N'IMPORTE OÙ HORS DU MONDE

**Timbuctoo.** By LELAND HALL. *The Cresset Press.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Reading Mr. Leland Hall's delightful description of a few months spent in the city of Timbuctoo, I am forcibly reminded of one of Baudelaire's *Petits Poèmes en Prose*, a little essay which deals with travel as a means of romantic escape. Shall he, the poet asks himself, sail for Lisbon?

> Cette ville est au bord de l'eau; on dit qu'elle est bâtie en marbre, et que le peuple y a une telle haine du végétal, qu'il arrache tous les arbres. Voilà un paysage selon ton gout; un paysage fait avec la lumière et le minéral, et le liquide pour les réfléchir!

Certainly, Timbuctoo, separated from the banks of the Niger by some five miles of sandy desert, does not lie at the edge of the water; nor is it built of marble, being a small and isolated collection of mud houses; and yet, in many respects, it is the counterpart of Baudelaire's fancy. For this, indeed, is a landscape where human ingenuity and Nature, in her more florid and tender-hearted moods, have almost nothing to say. Mr. Hall's first impression of the city he had travelled so far to visit was of a place "gathered closely unto itself and flattened under a sea of light. . . . I shall think of it always less as substantial than as a phenomenon of light." Its houses are constructed of beaten earth, "hardly defined from the colour of the sand." Palm trees do not grow there; its streets are paved with sand, which absorbs every impurity, and on this pavement feet, whether "bare or slippered, the hoofs of donkeys and the unshod hoofs of horses, the padded feet of camels, all tread soundlessly. No cart, no carriage, no automobile; no roadway, no sidewalk; no crowd in the streets, only in the laughing, chattering, squabbling market place. But what sun, what clarity of light and air, unless the wind chances to blow and the sand spins high. Those grey, smooth walls assimilate light. Sometimes you would think them radiant of themselves, and at sunset time they glow, as the sand glows, with the colours of the air."

I do not suggest that as a stylist Mr. Hall deserves to be likened to the author of *Un Été dans le Sahara* and *Une Année dans le Sahel*; but there is no doubt that Eugène Fromentin, an indifferent painter redeemed by an exquisite and unerring literary gift, is the traveller with whom he has most in common. Mr. Hall, too, has a painter's delicacy. God forbid that I should accuse him of "painting word-pictures"; but his finest and sharpest observations have reached him through the eye, and it is characteristic of him that he should remember Timbuctoo as a "many-phased phenomenon of light," a strange huddled assemblage of tawny-yellow and reddish-grey cubes, emerging from the desert without view or vista, yet alive and brilliant beneath an overpowering sun. . . .

And when the sun sank its colours deepened. On his way home from his evening bathe Mr. Hall would traverse sand dunes "suffused with the colour of topaz, of quinces, or pale-blue grapes, or even of mulberries, our own white clothes flushed even as the air and the sands and everything about us." From his bathing-pool, a lagoon of the Niger, he commanded the road which runs into the desert, west and north-west of Timbuctoo, and along this road passed a slow procession of nomad travellers, "afoot or mounted on donkeys or humped beeves." When he went to bathe at dawn the prospect was different:

> It was mostly women I saw, women who with the break of dawn take down their water jars to the pool to return with them filled on their heads, slowly, gracefully, like goddesses, earnestly, patiently on the first round of their heavy labours. At the pool, too, there were things to see in the clear grey light: the native canoes that had come up from the Niger under the moon, the men huddled round little fires on which the tea-kettle already steamed; the vivid green bales of grasses on the sand, brought from distant meadows; the black Faithful at their prayers, muffled in strange African stuffs; to say nothing of the drove of donkeys drinking without stirring a ripple on the steely surface of the water, or the ostrich that ran so fast from the barking little dog that it blurred itself.

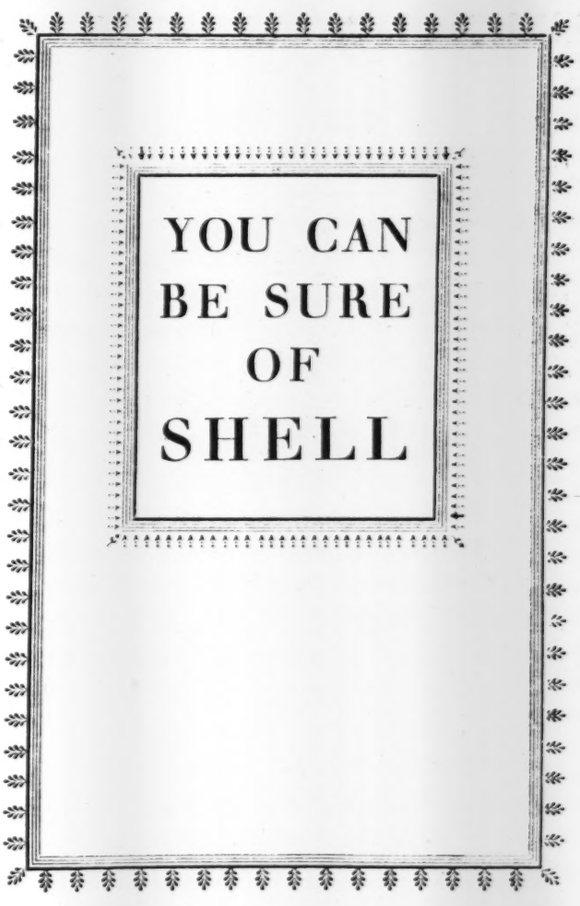
It is obvious, I think, from this quotation that Mr. Hall is a traveller of unusual sensitiveness, and it would appear from reading his volume that he is also a traveller of unusual good sense. Not for him to rush feverishly backwards and forwards. The great beauty of Timbuctoo is that, since there are no antiquities to visit and no tempting expeditions to waste time and energy and money, the traveller must sink back upon himself; and Mr. Hall seems to have spent his days in a state of philosophic calm, reading, writing and enjoying desultory conversation with the acquaintances, negro and Arab, who came to visit him, ask him questions, admire his belongings and borrow or cadge petty cash or small household necessities. He refreshed his spirit in the vast emptiness of the surrounding landscape. It must be admitted that the later sections of Mr. Hall's narrative strike one as, here and there, a trifle empty, and that the digressions on the characters of his native friends—particularly the black boy who amused and irritated him—are now and then slightly sentimental. But, then, the charm of his book is its leisurely movement. Time, in the happy city of Timbuctoo, is a less powerful obsession than in London, Paris or New York. The day, he found, was divided into "three generous parts: the cool of the morning, visibly pale blue; the golden heat of mid-day; and the returning freshness of the late afternoon, the violet shadows lengthening till, almost without evening, night came." Sometimes, at the hour of sunrise, amid the voices of turtle-doves and daws, there was a sound of bugle-practice from a distant end of the city, faint yet thrilling through the "pure echoless expanse"; but otherwise there were few reminders of the outside world. . . . It is sad that the compulsive blast of a factory siren should be the upshot of most Communist and capitalist betterment.

PETER QUENNELL

## BRITISH IN INDIA

**Rise and Fulfilment of British Rule in India.** By EDWARD THOMPSON and G. T. GARRATT. *Macmillan.* 21*s.*

Mr. Thompson and Mr. Garratt have performed a notable feat. In 650 pages and considerable detail, they have written a history of India since 1599 which it is possible to read. To most English readers Indian history is peculiarly depressing. Before the middle of the nineteenth century it is a terrible muddle; after the Mutiny the muddle is straightened out, but there seems to be nothing left to take its place. The story is not only confused and dreary, for two hundred and fifty years it is a story in which human greed, corruption, and savagery were so monotonous and unrestrained that a detailed narrative is simply intolerable. If



the British and Indians were civilised, they would long ago have realised that the record of those two and a half centuries is almost equally shameful to both parties. But the reactions of human beings to the nastiness of their history are almost more repulsive than the nastiness of their historical actions. The horrible history of India is used by British and Indians alike as propaganda; the story is falsified and faked up in order to prove what fine people the British are and what worms the Indians, or what horrible people the British are and how noble the Indians.

We need not concern ourselves with the propagandist distortions of the Indian nationalist historian who rewrites history in order to prove that without the British India would be and always would have been a paradise. Our business is to attend to the beams in our own eyes. This book at least gives us the opportunity of doing so. The authors are not unbiased—no one is; but their main object is to give the facts, and they draw them from a very wide area. Their bias—most people would probably say—is in the direction of anti-imperialism, and therefore they are sympathetic to the Indian view—a fault on the right side in a history of India written by Englishmen. But again and again they show themselves to be aware of the danger of bias, even in the right direction, and they are not blind to the real romance and adventure of empire-building, to the high qualities of some empire builders, and to the good which is almost invariably a by-product of the most appalling evils. The result is that anyone who wants to read the true story of British rule in India will do well to go for it to Mr. Thompson and Mr. Garratt.

That, perhaps, is all that usefully can be said here about the book, for in a short review it is silly to attempt to criticise in any detail a history of this sort. One may permit oneself a single general reflection, a very trite reflection: What a very odd thing patriotism is! Even in our learned and official histories we still regard our record in India as one of the glories of our nation. Our children are still taught in schools to think of the builders of our Indian empire, from Clive and Hastings downwards, as national heroes; the myth that for over two hundred years we have sedulously and unselfishly conferred upon the ungrateful Indian peace, prosperity, and good government is probably firmly rooted in the mind of Mr. Winston Churchill and ninety-nine out of every hundred Conservative Members of Parliament. At the end of the eighteenth century, when Lord Cornwallis succeeded as Governor-General, the man who is regarded as the greatest Englishman who ever ruled in India, the new Governor-General found that the English were "still a pest" in India. The fact is recorded on page 165 of this book. The 300 pages which follow record the history of the seventy years which separated the Mutiny from the Governor-Generalship of Lord Cornwallis. The savagery of mid-Victorianism was certainly different from the savagery of the eighteenth century, and some standards of decency and honesty were in 1850 imposed upon public servants in India, but on the whole the story of our acts in India during those first sixty years of the nineteenth century is only a little less repulsive than that of the eighteenth century. The tradition and practice of savagery, corruption, and bad faith died hard. One can but marvel at the astonishing capacity of patriotism for finding food for self-glorification in this revolting record.

LEONARD WOOLF

## SELECT ESTABLISHMENTS

**The Modern Schools Handbook.** Edited by TREVOR BLEWITT. *Gollancz.* 5*s.*

**The School.** By W. B. CURRY. *Lane.* 2*s.* 6*d.*

**The School and the Age.** By G. R. SWAINE. *Russell.* 4*s.* 6*d.*

Ballyhoo requires subtlety as well as conviction. For we listen with suspicion to proprietors praising their own wares, whether these be a cough-cure, a religion, or a school, even a progressive one. *The Modern Schools Handbook* contains descriptions of twenty-one of these progressive schools written by their headmasters or mistresses, with an excellent introduction by Mrs. Williams-Ellis. Too often the contributors invest their accounts with an atmosphere of stale uplift. Mr. Curry, on the other hand, is admirably tough-minded in William James's sense. He believes in reason; he reasons irreproachably; and he does not underrate the unreasonableness of other people.

Dartington Hall, of which Mr. Curry is headmaster, has the advantage of a generous endowment, to which it owes a first-rate "plant"—spacious buildings with a pleasant room for each child, a specially numerous and carefully chosen staff, attractive food, and the environment of a beautiful estate, the scene of an important economic experiment. For these reasons alone I should choose it in preference to any other school that I know of. But the principles and methods of the education there, as expounded by Mr. Curry, also seem to me eminently sensible. In his book he begins by discussing the two opposing philosophies which now claim our allegiance: on the one side, competition, nationalism and subjectivity; on the other, co-operation, cosmopolitanism, and objectivity. The Public School, with its frequent punishments and rare prizes, its house spirit, and school loyalty, reflects faithfully the intolerance, cruelty and unreasonableness of the capitalist and nationalist world which is now making preparations for suicide. Mr. Curry's school, in which boys and girls grow up together, free-speaking, unpunished, uncompetitive and inquisitive, is a mirror of the world as we should like to see it. It may be argued that such a school is a bad preparation for the world as it is. Mr. Neill in the *Handbook* agrees that "a school of to-day that was fitting youth for after life would be teaching pupils the exact dose of castor-oil for a political enemy, the easiest way to make poison gas, the best way to keep the wage-slave classes down." But if human society cannot improve itself, it had much better disappear; and an improvement in education is one method by which one can hope for an improvement in society. Personally, I see little ground for optimism, but then I am not a parent. And I should like to present parents with a dilemma: either they take a hopeful view of the future, in which case they must educate their children for an improved society, or they do not take a hopeful view, in which case they are criminally guilty in having brought children into this wicked world.

Mr. Curry states admirably the case for co-education, for minimising discipline, and for not giving children religious teaching in which you do not yourself believe. Behind the contrary arguments there is, however, one great force, the schoolmaster's perfectly natural regard for his own convenience. Schools in which the sexes are segregated are easier to run: it is less trouble to beat a child who makes a nuisance of himself than to find an alternative occupation for him: and it is less painful to tell a

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child what he ought to believe than to find out and reveal exactly how much or how little one believes oneself.

If Mr. Curry is eminently sensible both in his own book and in his contribution to the *Handbook*, some of the other contributors inspire less confidence. But the *Handbook* will be very useful in helping parents to decide which schools are worth looking at. The articles which most attracted me were Mr. Curry's, Lady Russell's (Beacon Hill), Mr. Neill's (Summerhill), Mr. and Mrs. Cousens' (Holly School, Sheringham), and Miss Jewson's (Hurtwood). Mr. Neill is the author of *The Problem Child* and other remarkable books, and though his Rousseauism and general anti-intellectualism are to me very unsympathetic I suspect that in practice he is a genius. The tone of some of the other contributors is altogether too improving. The children learn the facts of life from guinea-pigs, and in consequence remain pure—I suppose because guinea-pigs do not seem worthy of imitation. They are not allowed to buy sweets, but they are given plenty of fresh fruit, and belong to the League of Nations Junior Branch. They go to " short and simple " services with " carefully chosen " hymns, or read to one another " great short poems " in a beautifully panelled chapel. For Professor Whitehead has said that " the essence of education is that it be religious." We are too progressive to accept dogmas, of course, but " the religion of the Western World happens to be Christianity," doesn't it? And Mr. Swaine of Kingsmoor, who apparently has never read Lewis Carroll, goes so far as to call Christ the White Knight of History. So what the Head of St. Christopher School, Letchworth, optimistically calls " the simple teachings of Jesus " are nicely sterilised by the removal of all doctrine; and they are then found even more helpful than raffia-work.

Now there is a great deal to be said for traditional Christianity: your reason may reject it, but it does base its appeal largely on reason; it forbids and makes unnecessary the idolatrous worship of strong men by which half Europe is now degraded; and it is possible that most human beings require a religion. There is also a great deal to be said for sheer rationalism. But I doubt if there is anything to be said for " retranslated psalms " and a filleted Christianity in which Faith has been replaced by sentimentality. The aim of some of the more mildly " progressive " schools seems to be to produce high-minded, muddle-headed vegetarians who believe in the League of Nations and beaten metal-work. In the modern world such persons are as defenceless as sheep—even the Public School product is likely to be more effective. The only protection against a world increasingly governed by " toughs " is tough-mindedness.

But it is useless to ask too much. Schoolmasters are usually either enthusiasts or cynics. If they believe in education at all, they believe in it too much. Examination results prove that you can't give boys brains, so schoolmasters say it isn't brains that matter, it is character. But it remains doubtful whether education can produce character any more than it does intellect. All that a school can do for the majority of individuals, I suspect, is to keep them reasonably happy and healthy, and to make them a little more tolerant and inquisitive than they would otherwise be. This most of the progressive schools can justly claim to do; and there are few Public Schools of which one could say as much.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

## ALL ABOUT SHAKESPEARE

**A Companion to Shakespeare Studies.** Edited by H. GRANVILLE-BARKER and G. B. HARRISON. *Cambridge.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

This is a collection of essays by Shakespeare scholars on almost every branch of their subject, from the purely aesthetic to the austerely technical. The object of the book as a whole—and we are strongly urged to regard it as a whole—is explained by the editors in a short but not very clear preface: they seem to have intended a survey of the present position of Shakespeare studies. " The student's approach to Shakespeare," says the preface, " as the work of the last thirty years has planned it, will be something like a *contemporary* approach "—but in spite of the emphasis I think they should rather say historical; and indeed they continue, " This is only a first step; and beyond it a wider prospect opens out. Not . . . till he (the student) appreciates the history and extent of the phenomenon of Shakespeare can he hope quite fruitfully to approach the thing itself." Which must mean, surely, that until, or unless, you are a Shakespeare scholar you will not get much out of reading or, presumably, seeing Shakespeare—but the editors can scarcely believe *that*.

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The idea of a "contemporary approach," of making oneself "one with the audience at the Globe or Blackfriars," though most enticing, is not quite so sound as it looks, perhaps. In the first place it is impossible. You cannot recapture the Elizabethan attitude by knowing roughly what it was; and the attempt to think oneself into it, very amusing in its way, will be a pale experience compared with the immediate experience of Shakespeare as he is to *us*. These imaginative efforts are perhaps more profitably made for once-admired works that have become lifeless. But, of course, "contemporary approach" may only mean a reasonably good understanding of the material—learning the language, as it were. A knowledge of the Elizabethan theatre would be, for the producer—but I fear for no one else—learning the language; and it is easy to imagine how a *real* performance would enliven plays that have, inevitably, gone just the least bit stale. Therefore a study of the theatre and all connected with it is, or might be, a "fruitful" approach—turned to account, it would give new life to Shakespeare, which is, after all, the one great end of Shakespearian scholarship. Then there is the language, in a literal sense—Elizabethan English, with its pronunciation, shades of meaning, word-associations; some understanding of all that would seem essential to a profitable approach. Some, yes; but the farther we go beyond a certain point the less valuable are our new acquirements. When it comes to pronunciation, we can get on very well with almost no knowledge, in spite of talk about the beauty and significance of the "mere sound" of Shakespeare's verse. Indeed, if we pronounced it right we should probably get less pleasure out of it, which may be a warning against the "contemporary approach" carried too far.

Of course, one should understand "topical allusions"—if one is a scholar. But will there be much profit in it, except the point of honour, and the satisfaction of a primitive curiosity? "Shakespeare," says one of the writers of this book, "is topical only out of his superfluity. The contemporaneous . . . is with Shakespeare largely a matter of separable accident." It follows that by tracking down these allusions we are unlikely to add essential life to him; to fill in gaps, however small, is a great pleasure, but let us not mistake the *kind* of pleasure it is.

Even exploration of the "social background" seems to me supererogatory in a sense. It is delightful; but when we read Mr. St. Clare Byrne's lively and charming essay on the subject, in this volume, we are reading round, not about Shakespeare; no new light is being thrown on the plays themselves. It is pleasant to contrast the bustling, homely figure of old Capulet with the stately Elizabethan noble of real life—pleasant to hear how, in real life, Macbeth and his lady would have been so hemmed in by attendants as to have scarcely any opportunity for a quiet murder; but it adds nothing to our conception of the plays. It is amusing to hear the exact social status of doubtful characters discussed by an expert; but after all, if the play itself does not reveal their status even to the uninitiated, either the point is unimportant or the dramatist has bungled it. For instance, a child can see Gratiano, in the *Merchant of Venice*, "sliding down the social scale," and there is only one explanation—sheer carelessness. And this kind of literary chat is so agreeable—to those who like it—that it seems ungrateful to pretend that it is "fruitful" also, ungrateful not to admit that one does it for fun. Another of the most attractive papers here is Mr. Harold Child's "Shakespeare in the Theatre from the Restoration to the Present Time": I cannot see that it is very profitable, but how entertaining!

But there seems to have been, as Mrs. Elton says, "a little cloud upon the spirits of some": perhaps the lack of space, or the sense of collaboration oppressed them. Mr. Granville-Barker set them the best of examples, but in vain; the rest of the book pales before his enchanting and *really* "fruitful" discourse on "Shakespeare's Dramatic Art." Mr. Bonamy Dobree's paper on "Shakespeare and the Drama of his Time" is not, on the whole, either directly or indirectly about Shakespeare, and no ingenuity of reasoning can persuade one that it is. He simply wants to talk about Jonson and Chapman, but he does remember that Shakespeare is the real object, and would be glad to bring him in if he could see his way to it. Similarly, Mr. T. S. Eliot ("Shakespearian Criticism from Dryden to Coleridge") feels inclined to discuss Racine, and some other matters. His short essay is a surprise and disappointment; for he explains first, not without solemnity, exactly what he is going to do, and then, when we are all worked up and expecting him to begin at any moment, suddenly leaves off. Mr. Rylands has an essay, equally disappointing in another way, on "Shakespeare the Poet": he is not without good things to say, but he says them in the inhibited lifeless manner of a shy man addressing a public audience. His criticism has so dead a surface that you have to read it twice before getting anything out of it at all.

There are other papers not meant to be *read*, on Shakespeare's text, Shakespearian scholarship, etc., excellent reference pieces. And a very brief "Life of Shakespeare" by Dr. Mackail, giving the "bare facts," is extraordinarily refreshing in its crisp cool tone. But the book as a whole does not, somehow, quite come off.

K. JOHN

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## NEW NOVELS

**Lamb in His Bosom.** By CAROLINE MILLER. *Muller.* 7s. 6d.
**Pelican Walking.** By G. B. STERN. *Heinemann.* 7s. 6d.
**Concert Pitch.** By THEODORA BENSON. *Gollancz.* 7s. 6d.
**The Fool of Venus.** By GEORGE CRONYN. *Cape.* 8s. 6d.
**The Darkening Green.** By COMPTON MACKENZIE. *Cassell.* 7s. 6d.

*Lamb in His Bosom* and *The Fool of Venus* are two serious and competent novels which are difficult to read. The eye crawls painfully among the words like an ant through grass, stumbling, slipping back and struggling forward.

Giving up the attempt to read either book as a story—and both have a tolerable story—one turns back to discover how it is that so many good, even distinguished, passages have failed to accumulate that momentum (not necessarily narrative) without which no novel can be read. And then one discovers that it is not one's eye which is the ant, but that the ants are the people and scenes in the book, and that one cannot bear with little, exquisite pleasures and felicities for hundreds of pages. Of course, one could bear with them if the whole conception of *Lamb in His Bosom* were exquisite, but it is not. It is "big stuff": birth, love, lust, jealousy, catastrophe, the full course of lives, the vicissitudes of fortune, and death. Miss Miller's poor whites (presumably) of Tennessee or somewhere in the South, are peasants, living by the sweat of their brows. The women bear child after child in solitude, the men are away for weeks on end at their labour in the hot valleys. And now we strike the reason for our difficulty:

the whole of this novel has been carefully set in the last century—carefully, because Miss Miller has wanted to write about America's only peasantry before their isolation went, before tinned food came in and quilt-making went out, while the waggon trail was still kept for waggons and the coast was still over a week's journey away. In consequence, the period, the people as a whole and in all the detail of their unique peasant kind, are more important to her, in the final count, than the individuals. This accounts for the extreme simplicity of the characterisation: Vince, the old man, is the patriarch. Lias, his difficult son, plays the Esau to his father's Isaac. Cean, the simple, loving daughter, is the type of pure, unspoiled, peasant girl, and Lonzo, her husband, is the dumb, faithful husband, the pure peasant. I do not mean that the characters are not well differentiated, nor interesting, nor right in their relationships one with the other. With poetic intuition Miss Miller manages them well, particularly Cean. But what plants grow around the shacks, what goes into mattresses, how meat is dried, what clothes are worn, all the hundred and one details concerning the strange *things* in their solitary lives are given rather more value. The result is the decorative, detailed and many-coloured monotony of a skilfully worked quilt. She attempts to give movement to this pattern by a poetic kind of writing, drawing heavily on the picturesque dialect; in highly emotional passages this leads to metaphorical excesses. I do not believe, for example, that, even when your Irish mother dances on the table the day before you are born, you come "catapulting" into the world. Still, allowing for such falsifications and for almost too trembling a solemnity, there are some excellent things in the book. It is a true picture of the people. Childbirth ruining the youth and health of the women, the pity and stupidity of the men, such things as the fine description of Lias's first trek down to the coast, the episode where Cean is bitten by a snake—these few, and I could quote many more, are absolutely right and true for the type and the individual. It is a fascinating world even if it does flatten out the novel, leaving it without rhythm or suspense. One's objection is to the monotonous tolling of the bells of sympathy and understanding. The end of the book, describing Cean's rather comic second marriage to a preacher, is a relief to the general gravity, and serves to suggest that a little humour and irony do more to make "the slow, sad music" of peasant humanity aesthetically satisfying than a lot of pretty words. The novel won the Pulitzer Prize for 1934.

*The Fool of Venus* is in much the same boat. Mr. Cronyn appears to have a scholar's saturation in the period of the troubadours and to be more interested in the whole than in individuals. They are there in quantity, and a good attempt has been made to draw Peire Vidal, the "mad" troubadour, in the round. Round he is, but he rolls about Provence, Italy, from the castles to the Crusades, and gathers very little moss. One knows very little more, and cares little more, about him at the end. He just goes on and on, and Mr. Cronyn substitutes sympathy for any profound understanding for which, perhaps, little historical material is available. Where Mr. Cronyn's fires have been aroused, however, is in the picture of the period, its excitements and glamour. The courts of love, the habits of the troubadours, the life of Crusading camps, and castles in a state of amorous flutter are very well done. Again, as with Miss Miller, it is the scene which fascinates, and he has the advantage of coarse humour and wit over her. He is no sentimentalist. I wished he had written Peire Vidal's biography. The novel in the hands of the not sufficiently expert becomes a garden roller flattening out all the daisies.

The temptation before every novelist is when in doubt press down the pedal of sympathy and cloud over gaps with a kindness. The pressing of this pedal provides a deceptive emotion which urges on the lagging pen. Over and over again one finds sympathy endeavouring to cover a multitude of sins, and they are all of omission! One finds it breaking in upon the good, caustic pages of Miss Stern, it has watered down Mr. Compton Mackenzie. Miss Stern's stories are mainly the magazine article. Her trick is to turn people inside out: she shows the weak strong; the sophisticated vulnerable; the pessimist confronted with joyfulness; the confidently young, sneering at the old, discovering that the old alone have retained their youth. Each of her stories is a paradox on the theme: Everything is paid for.

Her success, at her best, lies in the fact that her people are more interesting than her moral and that her humour is astringent and vital. One imagines one hears snorts of sardonic pleasure as she scores off a character or a situation. Sometimes the idea sticks out of the story—this is the weakness of the magazine story where it is idea or nothing—but in a "Nectarine Life," the tale of a Jewish mother reconciling herself to the handsome presents her daughter receives from her employer, or "Outline of an Actor"—particularly this one—the character triumphs over the idea.

Mr. Compton Mackenzie reminisces amiably about a childhood of holidays in a Hampshire village of the 'nineties, with special stress on the fact that there were no motor cars or petrol pumps. The objection to these obviously must be that it is too early yet to be sentimental about them; on the other hand, railway stations have already become fitting objects for sentiment. The Captain, the Vicar, the Three Spinsters, the Gossip, are all here, agreeably observed, tenuously amusing. There is a good brief scene in which a youth goes to tea with a farmer's wife who has just returned from an asylum. The Gossip is appropriately garrulous and inconsequent. (Remind me to tell you what our char said to me this morning. Aren't they quaint?) It is impossible to say anything more about a book so harmless, so gentlemanly, so smooth with sympathy, so entirely without feeling.

As there is sympathy in *Concert Pitch* and I like it, I must distinguish. The wrong and accursed kind of sympathy is that which gives one the impression that the novelist is either slurring over gaps with inferior and false emotion, or taking care of his characters. If a novelist cannot turn his people out on to the hard world and stop pawing them and telling them to mind how they cross and how tired they are, hadn't they better lie down, and he will say "There, there!" and stroke their heads—if he cannot leave them alone and enjoy them, I cannot enjoy them either. Because, on the whole, Miss Benson leaves her strange collection of musical artists alone, lets them get in and out of muddles and does not once go tender on them. I like her book. It has also the merit of being about relatively successful artists. The New York pages seemed to me to be gratuitous travel notes and ought to have been cut out, and I have a professional horror of seeing novelists in fiction. For a novelist to bring forth a novelist is almost always the result of an act of incest with the lower self. But if I am going to read slick, clever, observant novels and listen to back chat, I prefer Miss Benson's kind, acidulated jollity to Mr.

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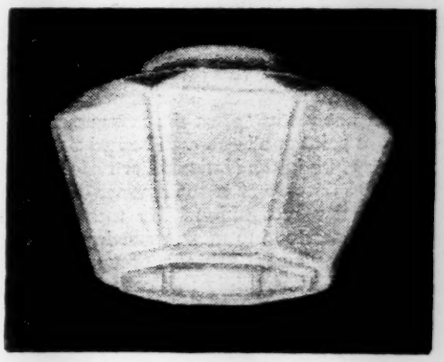

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Mackenzie's playful sadness. *Qu'il était bleu le ceil et grand l'espoir!* Quite, but merely saying this with a tear in the eye does not bring the illusion of the blueness and greatness to the page—which is the novelist's duty. V. S. PRITCHETT

## A HAPPY LIFE

**The Fool of Love.** By HESKETH PEARSON. *Hamish Hamilton.* 10s. 6d.

To every hack reviewer Hazlitt must be something of a hero. Although he professed to specialise only in metaphysic he ranged proudly and with few false notes through the whole journalistic gamut, from reporting to the occasional essay. In that less squeamish age a man who wrote for the reviews was expected to provide copy on everything under the sun: for instance, it is recorded of Lamb (who, as an essayist, might be said to have specialised in "ye olde," and was, in fact, an important dramatic critic) that one of his editors set him to the daily composition of a column of jokes. Hazlitt, at one time or another, wrote with authority, and certainly with facility, dramatic criticism, reviews of every class of book, essays on philosophy and philology, miscellanies on painting and painters, and even undertook what were, *ante* Malthus, two entirely separate subjects, politics and economics. We others can only admire. In those days reviewers were giants.

But it is not so much the quantity or quality of Hazlitt's literary output that is worthy of attention to-day, as the remarkable discrepancy between the bare facts of his career and his memorable *ultima dicta* to his son, "Well, I have had a happy life." If his Shakespearean comments still contain much that is valuable, his essays are, for the most part, tedious and full of platitudes. No English writer—Bacon excepted—has really mastered the art-form of the essay; far too many have become proficient in it. And Hazlitt, at his best, can rank with these. It is with the man, not the writer, that his biographer should concern himself. In the preface to his collected dramatic criticisms, *A View of the English Stage*, Hazlitt says:

> My opinions have been sometimes called singular: they are merely sincere. I say what I think: I think what I feel. I cannot help receiving impressions from things, and I have sufficient courage to declare (somewhat abruptly) what they are. This is the only singularity I am conscious of.

It was this singularity which made him so many enemies and tried, almost to breaking point, the loyalty of his friends. Once, on a difference of opinion as to the colouring of Holbein and Vandyke, he was knocked down by Lamb's brother; and there are many indications that his opinions, while they may have been merely sincere, were purposely provoking and malicious.

His life was, on a superficial view, wretched. He struggled to paint, to write, to lecture. When, after many years, he found that he really could not paint "after the manner of Titian" he decided he would not paint at all—though he had a talent (there is a portrait of Lamb by him in the National Portrait Gallery) which, if he had allowed it to develop after the manner of Hazlitt, might have earned him a fair recognition. He turned to literature which, at first, was understood to mean reporting the speeches of Members of Parliament; and it was this occupation which—one is hardly surprised—led him rapidly to alcoholic excess. Yet he never lived so safely as during this period of his life. His pay was fixed and comparatively liberal, and it was probably at this time that he took up racquets—a game which he always considered to be a much more important business than writing. He married Sarah Stoddart; the union receiving Lamb's blessing "if only for the joke's sake." But the joke soon wore thin, and Hazlitt once more patronised the ladies of the town. At the age of forty-two the lines along which his life was to run seemed fixed—as fixed as they might be for one who "could not help receiving impressions from things"—when he had the misfortune to take lodgings at 9 Southampton Buildings with a tailor (Procter's and Crabb Robinson's tailor) who had a daughter called Sarah. He immediately received so strong an impression from this thing, Sarah Walker, that his life, hitherto wasted in one long literary scramble, was now to be "wasted in one long sigh." Her face haunted him as he wrote his essays:

> that face, pure, modest, downcast, tender, with angel sweetness, not only gladdens the prospect of the future, but sheds its radiance on the past, smiling in tears,

and finally forced him into the indiscretion of devoting a whole book, *Liber Amoris*, to a record of his intercourse with its owner. It seems clear that Hazlitt was obsessed with an ideal; but his despair at discovering that his angel had feet of clay, that Sarah Walker was (as he sometimes burst out in letters to his friends) little better than a "lodging-house decoy," was none the less agonising for that. It was not until he had divorced his wife, had formally proposed to and had been as formally rejected by Sarah, and had discovered that she had been all along having an affair with a Mr. Tomkins that he could bring himself to believe that his hopes were vain. In the last few years of his life he again married; separated from his wife; travelled on the Continent; published his *Life of Napoleon*; and continued to consume vast quantities of a poisonous liquid which he called tea. It was this last beverage, infinitely more harmful (as brewed by Hazlitt) than alcohol, which brought on that gastric attack which caused his death. And so one is led to that seeming paradox: "Well, I have had a happy life." In *The Confessions of Zeno* (Svevo's work is far too little known in England in spite of Miss De Zoete's excellent translations) the hero, on a fishing expedition, has qualms about baiting his hook with a small live crab; but he overcomes his scruples with the reflection that pain may be so refined as to constitute simply an experience, even to act as a stimulus to thought. Those of us who believe with Svevo that a life without experience, without a stimulus to thought, is miserable and meaningless—for this position the boarding-houses of Kensington are a gloomy evidence—will appreciate the significance of Hazlitt's last words.

Hazlitt is neither lucky nor unlucky in his present biographer. Mr. Hesketh Pearson has merely retold, in a modern "racy" style, what has already been very adequately dealt with by the late Augustine Birrell and Mr. Howe. It is true that in the centre portion of the book, where he has devoted 120 pages to Hazlitt's "romance" with Sarah Walker, he has made a departure from his trusty guides—but only to quote enormous extracts from Hazlitt himself. It must therefore be plainly stated that this book is no more than a rehash of the work of former biographers. Yet it may serve a purpose if some persevering reader is induced to examine *Liber Amoris*. He will have discovered one of the curiosities of our literature. RICHARD STRACHEY

## VIENNA SINCE THE REVOLUTION

**Naomi Mitchison's Vienna Diary.** *Gollancz.* 5s.

I would not have believed that anything written in English, and read in England, could have so completely reimmersed one in the life of Vienna last March as this Diary succeeds in doing. Mrs. Mitchison has recreated that feeling of exhilaration and comradeship after the battle, the blank uncomprehending despair of those whose whole conception of life had been smashed, together with those interrupting moments of the laughter which nothing can quite kill in Vienna. So many men were in prison, in the provincial towns especially, that the game was in the women's hands. It was a tremendous, and a terrible, game. I shall not forget the women of Steyr and how proudly they whispered the words of Ahrer who was hanged: "I am a political fighter, not a murderer"; nor how angry the Linz women were over the execution of Bulgari when his wife was eight months gone. Mrs. Mitchison should have made many such things unforgettable for people who have never set foot in Austria.

It is almost impossible to avoid a comparison with Germany in March, 1933, though it was obviously exasperating to have Berlin hurled at one in Vienna. Mrs. Mitchison's account of her own activities in Austria reminds one all along that she could not have subjected these people to the risk of a foreigner's visit in Germany. Her tribute to the fairness of many Austrian judges here deserves to be remarked.

Mrs. Mitchison's account is frankly partisan, and she makes no attempt to consider any point of view but that of the Socialists, but she is impressively accurate. One wonders whether her Calvinist tradition does not inevitably warp her judgment on the Catholic church; it is interesting to find, in the Diary, confirmation of that fear of the confessional which has been the subject of controversy in the pages of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION. THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, by the way, is in Mrs. Mitchison's bad books, together with the Diplomatic Service. Is it not a little unjust to accuse the British Legation at Vienna of such shocking intellectualism? But I should be prepared to say that a more impetuous British Minister, of the Stratford de Redcliffe type, might have done something to save the Viennese *Gemeindehäuser* from Fascist machine guns.

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*Contents of July Number*

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The Diary is not, however, querulous; on the contrary, it is vivid and real. I am only afraid that the very qualities which make it so important to participators in the story it tells may diminish its force as a message from the Socialists of Vienna to England. The events of February are taken for granted. This book could surely interest many who, in their insularity, have only the vaguest notion as to what had taken place. For this wider, and important, public might not an explanatory introduction have been provided? Beyond this, I have only one other quarrel with the book—why play the *enfant terrible* so naively? Mrs. Mitchison's immediate circle will be indifferent or amused that So-and-so was in the lavatory or a bedroom shared, but why tease the wider public for whose importance I am pleading? Both this flavour and the lack of explanation were perhaps deliberately left unaltered to preserve the admirably spontaneous quality of the Diary, but many readers will dislike what they call its self-consciousness more than they will appreciate its spontaneity.

The real pattern of the book, beyond its immediate political message, lies in the grand sweep of feeling from the intellectual desperation wrought by V. to the emotional redemption through Wallisch. First comes the cold despair of that lunch with V., who declared that a Nazi Dark Age is remorselessly obliterating Graeco-Roman civilisation as we have known it. Then, because "Forty lawyers in Vienna have agreed to defend the Socialists," it is all right, and the dead will rise. So the pilgrimage to the grave of Wallisch becomes, as it were, an involuntary necessity, the inevitable third act. The story of Wallisch's death is very beautifully told. He left a message with his disciples, and his grave "is a place where things can be said and promised and believed, and where Socialists can be sure that nothing has been in vain." "After ten or twenty minutes they can go, healed and strengthened, as a Christian is healed and strengthened by prayer at some other holy place." A little before this Mrs. Mitchison had written "one must be strict with one's self, too strict to allow of any redeemer—Jesus or Lenin or Wallisch or Weissl." If poetic emotion is an end in itself the Diary is a true vindication of life, but it provides no other answer to the intellectual despair of the V's on the one hand, or to the logical Communist programme for the salvation of society on the other. E. W.

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## INTERNATIONALISM

**The New Internationalism.** By CLARK FOREMAN. *Allen and Unwin.* 5*s. net.*

Among the numerous books claiming to interpret our shifting world, Mr. Foreman's little volume deserves particular attention. It is the work of a well-equipped historian and economist setting forth the rapid and radical changes taking place in the conception and realisation of Internationalism. Though it is often supposed that *laisser faire* economic competition was a form of internationalism, the supposition is not true, for though Cobdenism was led into such a compromise as the French Treaty both the logic and the general practice of his movement was cosmopolitanism. Not until our export markets required imperialism for their gainful policy were nations in their capacity of Governments brought fully into the economic picture, and a "capitalist internationalism" took charge of foreign policy.

Nor was the Socialist internationalism which took anti-capitalist shape internationalist, though it freely used the name for organising the proletariat of many countries in the struggle against the common enemy.

Mr. Foreman gives a short and excellent account of the Socialist and Communist forms of internationalism and then turns to his main topic, the part which is actually being played in the national planned economy of many countries, as contributory or preparatory to a new genuine internationalism, the economic units of which will be national governments. Sovietism, Fascism, Hitlerism, the new economic policies of Turkey, of the United States, are only intelligible as definite abandonments of competition trade. National and international. Widely diverse in shape and pace are such movements, but they are all assertive of a conscious common nationalism, planning alike its internal economy and its external trade and finance. Britain's part in the new internationalism is blurred by the imperialism which she has contracted, while she is slower to realise consciously the path she is about to take. But the fundamental problem put up to each country by mass-production and the economy of abundance and the necessity of maintaining by balance of production, finance and consumption a steady advance in economic prosperity are compelling us as well as the other nations to adjust our conception of a national life with the greater or less requirements of international trade. The intense political and economic nationalism of recent years is compelling us to think in order to escape disaster. And in this thinking process Mr. Foreman is an exceedingly valuable guide. J. A. H.

## THE TRAFFIC IN ARMS

**The Merchants of Death.** By H. C. ENGELBRECHT and F. C. HANIGHER. *Routledge.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Everyone, even responsible statesmen, agree that another world-war would mean an end to civilisation, and yet the nations of the world go on frantically arming without having even as yet decided on their next adversaries. There must be, thinks the decent man in the street, some explanation and some simple cure. Now that the physicians and the patient are both getting tired of the long and tedious Geneva treatment, a startling new diagnosis has been made. The world, it has been discovered, has been infested by private armament manufacturers. Destroy this pest, say the new physicians, and all will be well. The authors of the *Merchants of Death* endorse this diagnosis, but they are a little diffident about the cure.

In their final chapter they examine the two types of treatment which have been advocated, the State manufacture of arms and the control of private manufacture by licence. The first they think impossible. The small States which cannot make their own arms would never consent to be left dependent upon foreign governments. The larger countries are in nearly every case dependent on foreign markets for some particular arm. The experience of this country has shown that the second remedy is useless. Governments always wish to foster the trade in arms because it ensures the existence of a far larger arms establishment than they could otherwise justify in time of peace. Each country, therefore, attempts to stimulate rather than control the sale of arms abroad.

Further than this the authors do not go. They stand trembling at the brink of the problem. "The arms industry," they say, "is plainly a perfectly natural product of our present civilisation. . . . To eliminate it requires the creation of a world which can get along without war by settling its difficulties and disputes by

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## LABOR UNDER THE NEW DEAL

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*BRITISH REPRESENTATIVE:*
GERTRUDE M. CROSS,
23 BRUNSWICK SQUARE, W.C.1

peaceful means. And that involves remaking our entire civilisation."

The book follows familiar lines. It presents the astonishing phenomena, but makes no effort to interpret them. It includes some excellent portraits of the great figures of the armament trade of the past, and adds a few less familiar details to the standard scandals. It recalls Raffalovich's activities in bribing the French press in order to maintain the reputation of the Russian Government in 1914. The chapter on the arms industry in America contains interesting new material and gives in full the sordid story of the origin of the Morgan millions. A good deal of the material has already appeared in the Union of Democratic Control's two pamphlets, *The Secret International* and *Patriotism, Ltd.*

The most serious defects are the absence of post-war material and the failure to follow up the implications of the diagnosis. For the evils of the private manufacture of armaments are not a disease in themselves but a symptom of the decay of a social order. In each of the biographies of the early armament manufacturers the authors note that the first generation of the armament families were careful never to sell arms outside their own country. Just as capitalism shows no sign of disease when it still has an expanding market, so in its early stages the armament trade was touched by no breath of scandal. By the beginning of the century the armament makers had, like other capitalist enterprises, banded themselves into an international combine to develop the more backward nations. Zaharoff and Maxim represent a phase in the development of capitalism, not, as the authors of the *Merchants of Death* seem to imagine, a special feature of the armaments industry. In 1914, in the golden days of Zaharoff, the armament industry believed in *laisser-faire*. Governments were their customers. To-day the Governments are their partners. Like Thyssen and the Comité des Forges, the armament manufacturer believes in the Corporate State.

This point is entirely missed by the authors of the *Merchants of Death*. They never noticed that the control of the arms trade has slipped from technicians, like Maxim, into the hands of the capitalists and bankers. They have a chapter on Schneider, they never mention the de Wendell family, whose interests are international and spread through the French press and Parliament as well as through the steel and armament business.

As a historical account of the armaments trade the *Merchants of Death* is excellent. It does nothing to interpret the material it has collected.

## SHORTER NOTICES

**Germany's Default: the Economics of Hitlerism.** By PAUL EINZIG. *Macmillan.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

What Mr. J. M. Keynes did for the Treaty of Versailles in his two famous polemics, Dr. Paul Einzig is evidently aiming to do for the German economic crisis of 1929–1931 and the political crisis which followed it. Comparisons are odious, but with the lucidity of his presentation of a complicated subject, the shrewdness of his forecasts and the penetrating quality of his criticism Dr. Einzig need not fear them too much. Nor does his debatable attitude on the respective merits of the Corporative State and other forms of economic organisation matter as much in this connection as it would in some others. The reader misses a coherent economic philosophy which should explain the genesis of Hitler's economic background; but the features of his policy or lack of policy in different fields are clearly described. The picture is dismal enough in all conscience; Germany's intricate double-dealing and virtual default by manipulation of the Standstill Agreements is, in Dr. Einzig's view, only a prelude to repudiation either veiled or open of the entire foreign debt—the proceeds to be used for rearmament and the ultimate achievement of a vast and all-powerful Nordic Empire, with unlimited naval and colonial ambitions which are bound to bring it into conflict with Great Britain.

Dr. Einzig sees no remedy but "a revival of nationalism in this country on constructive lines" which would make Germany think twice about attacking the British Empire. He does not say whether he expects salvation from Mr. Garvin's aeroplanes or from Sir Oswald Mosley's blackshirts. Constructive nationalism? . . . Perhaps, after all, comparisons are odious.

**Great Events in History.** Edited by G. R. STIRLING TAYLOR. *Cassell.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Containing close on a thousand pages this collection of monographs on particular events in history, mainly our history, covers a wide field, ranging from the late Professor Peet's study of "The Imperialism of the Eighteenth Egyptian Dynasty" to Mr. G. D. H. Cole's essay on "The Arrival of Labour in Politics"; from Dr. G. G. Coulton's "Middle Ages: The Peasants' Revolt, 1381," to "The Era of Planning," by Sir Basil Blackett. Other contributors are Professor P. N. Ure, Lord Rennell of Rodd, Mr. David Ogg, Miss Marjorie Bowen, Professor H. H. Dodwell, Mr. E. Lipson, Professor Alison Phillips, and Dr. Wickham Steed. Mr. Stirling Taylor himself deals with "The Triumph of Laisser-Faire: The Repeal of the Corn Law," in which he trounces, with gusto, the Whigs and their Liberal successors. Mr. Taylor, in his introduction, asks us to accept the word "event" in its etymological significance, as a result rather than a deed; and many of his coadjutors in this historical enterprise stress the causes from which their events sprung, though some are more concerned with the results, known or foreseeable, of their "events," which method at the moment is perhaps the more desirable. It is valuable and interesting to know whence we have come, but more to the point, as Mr. Cole very clearly indicates, to understand whither we are going.

# Week-end Competitions

## No. 224

**Set by Frank Sidgwick**

We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a Companion Poem to Beachcomber's "Epitaph for a Lighthouse-keeper's Horse":—

Here lies the lighthouse-keeper's horse,
Which was not ridden much, of course;
How patiently it waited for
The lighthouse-keeper's leave on shore!

The companion poem may (but need not) be another epitaph; it should (but need not) be confined to four lines; and it may—but only at the competitor's risk—be followed by a short dialogue between Prodnose and Myself.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, July 6th.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The results of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

## RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 222

**Set by Ivor Brown**

We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for an Epitaph in verse on a Dead Failure. The Failure may be either moral, social, amorous, artistic, financial, educational, or athletic.

**Report by Ivor Brown**

The Epitaphic Muse is popular: moreover, she evolves the best. The entry was very large and, after much discarding, I was left with an "alpha" class which ran to forty epitaphs. Naturally, many were similar in thought, some almost in word. As for vocabulary, surely the traditional dignity of the Epitaph should be respected. The word "dud" offends me in this connection; M. Peacock used it with ingenuity in "Epitaph on my Epitaph."

My epitaph lies in the editorial basket;
The Prince of Morocco (I.B.) opened a dud casket.

Let the basket receive it none the less. Mr. Snow had a good idea.

Write only at my feet when I am gone
"Here lies a failure. Pity and pass on!"
And everyone who reads will understand
That really I was something simply grand.

But "everyone" will not understand. "Somebody" for "everyone" would much improve the poem, whose last line is also not adequately phrased.

John A. Bellchambers penned neatly in the manner of Hood.

Here lies a lass, who was, alas,
Long left upon the shelf—
She lost all lovers by her gas
And so she gassed herself.

Commendation is due to Peter, H. C. M., Lester Ralph, W. Leslie Nicholls, F. A. (one of the many who discussed a theatrical tragedy), and T. E. Casson who struck the Grecian note.

Go, tell, tell the Spartans that here dead we lie,
Who fail'd to guard the Strait Thermopulai.

There were clever epitaphs also from Sir Robert Witt, Issaclian, Medway, Mrs. L. C. Martin, and Enid Norman. It was a vexatious

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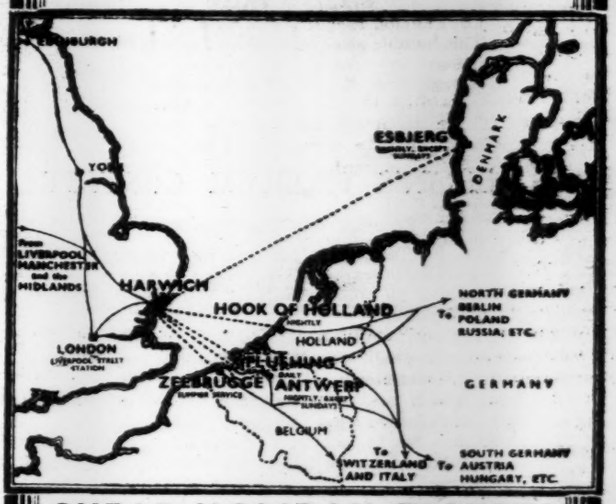
# CONTINENT
## VIA HARWICH

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business to make a final selection among so many of almost equal merit (how much more pleasant to conduct a sweepstake!), but at last I preferred the neatness of David Holland's farewell to a failure in the schools and of Mariamne's epitaph on a social climber.

FIRST PRIZE

Here lies poor Sam, with learning unendowed;
In each exam. inevitably ploughed.
But now he's passed—and let no hand profane
This hallowed ground, nor Sam be ploughed again.

DAVID HOLLAND

SECOND PRIZE

Lo, I inhabit for the rest of time
This humble place from which I cannot climb.
Obscure my resting-place, and on the top
A monument of bricks I used to drop.

MARIAMNE

## CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 79.—THE POINTER

North, South, East and West are four boys in the Middle Fifth. They were accused the other day of trampling a neighbour's flower beds.

Dr. Whackem sent for young North. "You're responsible for this, I believe," said Whackem.

"No, Sir, I'm not," said North.

"It's one of your gang," said Whackem.

"Perhaps, Sir," said North.

"You know who it was," said Whackem. "Tell me his name, and I'll see things don't go too hard with him."

"I can't do that, Sir," said North. "But I'll give you a hint. Sir, I'll tell you the date of his birthday. He was born in 1920, the day before Empire Day."

Dr. Whackem looked up the records, and, of course, found no reference to any such birthday.

*But has he any clue as to who trampled the flower beds?*

PROBLEM 77.—TEN CARD GAMBLE

I do not think I have ever seen so many different answers to a problem. It would take too long to set out and discuss the various ways in which solvers have gone wrong, but what so many have failed to appreciate is that each of the seven possible distributions of the cards not held by Smith must be separately analysed. Smith's several expectations can then be summarised as follows:

| Card in Kitty. | Smith's Chance | | Smith's Expectation. |
|---|---|---|---|
| | of a Win. | of a Tie. | |
| 10 | 12 | 2 | 39s. |
| 8 | 6 | 2 | 21s. |
| 7 | 4 | 4 | 18s. |
| 5 | — | 2 | 3s. |
| 4, 3, 1 | — | — | — |
| | Total expectations .. | | 81s. |

Now each of these seven expectations is equally likely; hence Smith stands to win $\frac{81s.}{7}$ or 11s. 7d. (nearly) and should *not* sell his chance for 10s.

PROBLEM 76.—THE ROUND TABLE

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: Irene Foster, Y.W.C.A., 61 North Parade, Bradford.

There were 203 correct solutions. *Four* points are awarded.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*C. W. R.* (*Pinner*): Yes, please. *F. E. M.* (*Newbury*): Your solution of "April's Brood" would only conform to the data if there were two ways (and only two) of dividing 100 into 12 different numbers. There are, of course, a great many more. *H. F.* (*Eynsford*), *F. W. P.-L.* (*W.C.2*), *K. M.* (*Weston*): Particulars of your scores will be posted. *W. L. B.* (*W.1*): Will send you the mathematical solutions to look over.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

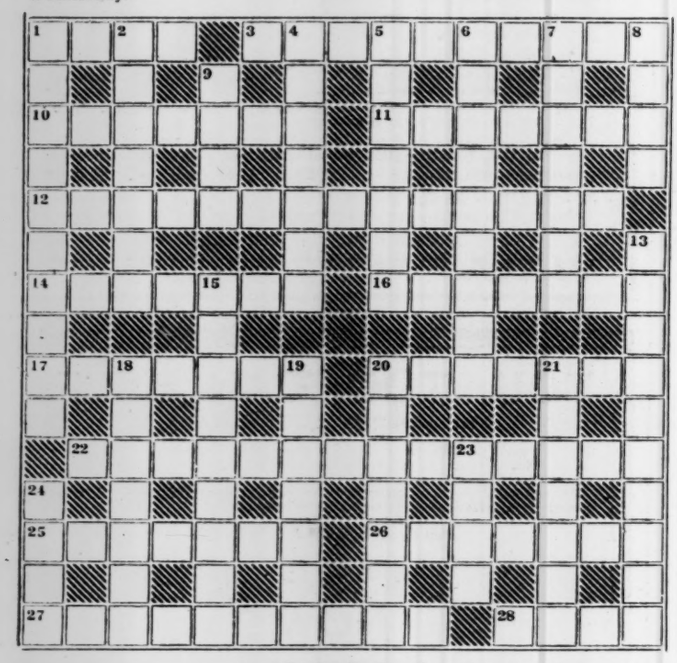
In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points, a solver is entitled to a prize, consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10s. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope; but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

CALIBAN

## WEEK-END CROSSWORD 225

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday.



Set by L.-S

The winner of last week's crossword is
Miss Etherington Smith, Hawkshead Hill, Amberside.

ACROSS.

1. Feathered tap.
3. The first two letters stand for the whole at sea.
10. Concerning soap plastered round petrol.
11. The tree one has no roots.
12. Opponents probably not much relished by cannibals.
14. Dugout in the present.
16. Sovereigns in the family.
17. A dictator disguised as a Bolshevik?
20. Tell me who got my goat and you may get this reward.
22. Does this describe the horse that wins by a short head?
25. Surroundings of a quotation.
26. A man embedded in earth becomes a Turk.
27. They preside over the Inns of Court.
28. "It is the very error of the——."

DOWN.

1. Service for those in peril on the sea.
2. Or sauce for a revel.
4. The thumb is metamorphosed.
5. The highly strung get this about nothing.
6. Receptive intellects produced by broken crowns?
7. Put up the strap. I'm above such things.
8. What Marjory Daw chose to lie on.
9. His other name is four-fifths of a kingfisher.
13. How Major Herbert got in at Monmouth.
15. Ropes play no part in these skippings.
18. Put out of gear.
19. This might be a better name for the sun than for Venus.
20. Lord Mayor whose carpets furnished a cripples' home.
21. "Tree of the gods."
23. He seems to be Member of Parliament for Rope.
24. Recent royal visitor to America.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| ■ | ■ | S | H | O | O | T | E | R | S | H | I | L | L | ■ |
| C | ■ | A | ■ | P | ■ | O | ■ | E | ■ | A | ■ | O | ■ | ■ |
| O | N | T | H | E | B | U | S | T | ■ | R | H | U | M | B |
| M | ■ | O | ■ | N | ■ | R | ■ | R | ■ | O | ■ | I | ■ | A |
| M | O | N | O | D | Y | ■ | M | O | L | L | I | S | O | N |
| O | ■ | ■ | ■ | O | ■ | O | ■ | S | ■ | D | ■ | I | ■ | D |
| N | E | C | R | O | S | C | O | P | Y | ■ | L | A | N | E |
| W | ■ | A | ■ | R | ■ | C | ■ | E | ■ | A | ■ | N | ■ | R |
| E | M | M | A | ■ | S | A | U | C | E | B | O | A | T | S |
| A | ■ | B | ■ | A | ■ | S | ■ | T | ■ | E | ■ | ■ | ■ | N |
| L | O | R | D | S | H | I | P | ■ | A | R | A | B | I | A |
| T | ■ | I | ■ | T | ■ | O | ■ | B | ■ | R | ■ | Y | ■ | T |
| H | O | D | E | R | ■ | N | E | U | R | A | L | G | I | C |
| ■ | ■ | G | ■ | I | ■ | A | ■ | R | ■ | N | ■ | U | ■ | H |
| ■ | F | E | U | D | A | L | S | Y | S | T | E | M | ■ | ■ |

# London Amusements

## MATINEES

*All at 2.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.*

**COMEDY.** The Private Road. Tues. & Fri.

**DUCHESS.** Laburnum Grove. Wed., Sat.

**DUKE of YORK'S.** Happy Week-end. Wed.

**H'DROME.** Mr. Whittington. Thurs. & Sat.

**PALACE.** Why Not To-Night. Wed. & Th.

**PHOENIX.** Ten Minute Alibi. Thurs. & Sat.

**PICCADILLY.** Counsellor-at-Law. Tu. &Sat.

**ST. JAMES'.** Wed. & Sat.
The Late Christopher Bean.

**S.MARTIN'S.** The Wind & the Rain. Tu. &F.

## THEATRES

**COMEDY.** EVGS., 8.30. Mats., Tues., Fri., 2.30.
DOROTHY DICKSON & JOHN TILLEY in
**THE PRIVATE ROAD.**

**CROYDON REPERTORY.** Fairfield 4529.
Mon., July 2nd. Nightly at 20.00. Sat., at 17.00 & 20.15.
**A SLEEPING CLERGYMAN,** by James Bridie.
Marius Goring, Betty Hardie, Cecil Trouncer.
Play produced by Michael MacOwen.
Next Week: *Twenty-Four Hours in Town,* by Brian Oulton, and David Henneker.

**DUCHESS.** (Tem. 8243.) 8.30. Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
EDMUND GWENN in a New Comedy
**LABURNUM GROVE**
by J. B. PRIESTLEY. 250th Perf. on July 4th.

**DUKE OF YORK'S.** (Tem. Bar 5122).
Evenings, 8.30. Matinees, Wednesdays, 2.30.
**HAPPY WEEK-END.**
A Musical Play.

**HIPPODROME.** (Ger. 3272).
Evgs., 8.30. Thurs. & Sats., 2.30.
JACK BUCHANAN in
**"MR. WHITTINGTON."**
Elsie Randolph, Alfred Drayton, Fred Emney, etc.

**PALACE,** Cambridge Circus, Shafts. Ave. Ger. 6834.
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Wed. & Thurs., 2.30.
**"WHY NOT TO-NIGHT"** A New Revue.
Nelson Keys, Greta Nissen, Florence Desmond.

**PHOENIX.** 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30. Tem. 8611.
**TEN MINUTE ALIBI,**
by Anthony Armstrong.
"The Biggest Thrill in London."—*Daily Telegraph.*

**PICCADILLY.** 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30. Ger. 4506.
BARRY JACKSON presents
**COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW,** by Elmer Rice.
"Finest London Can Boast."—*Daily Herald.*

**ST. JAMES'.** LAST WEEKS. Whitehall 3903.
Evenings, 8.30. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
**The Late CHRISTOPHER BEAN.**
EDITH EVANS. CEDRIC HARDWICKE.

**ST. MARTIN'S.** Tem. Bar 1443 and 1444.
8.30. Tu., Fri., 2.30. (Now in its 9th month).
**THE WIND AND THE RAIN.**
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# THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By TOREADOR

THE AMERICAN OUTLOOK AND SOME PREFERRED SHARES—GOLD MINING PROSPECTS—GERMAN TRICKERY

THE Stock Exchange, as a form of sport, always goes out of fashion in the summer months. When Epsom, Ascot, and Lord's are booming, the speculative game in Throgmorton Street declines. Only the strength of the gilt-edged market serves to remind us that real investors never take a holiday, and that money never sleeps. In this quiet interlude the serious-minded people in the City have been discussing the prospects of the American recovery. Mr. J. M. Keynes has been adding fuel to the controversy by reeling off highly controversial figures in the *Times*. It is a moot point whether Government expenditures, even at the rate of $300 to $400 millions a month (*new* money), which is from 9 per cent. to 12 per cent. of the national income, have as much effect upon the national output as an improvement in that intangible thing known as business "psychology." For example, the correlation of the following tables is not obvious :

U.S. GOV. EMERGENCY EXPENDITURES.

| | Average Monthly (in Million $). | |
|---|---|---|
| | 1933. | 1934. |
| 1st Quarter .. .. .. | 138.6 | 426.3 |
| 2nd " .. .. .. | 127.9 | 345.0* |
| 3rd " .. .. .. | 98.4 | — |
| 4th " .. .. .. | 286.9 | — |

* Partly estimated.

ANNALIST INDEX OF BUSINESS ACTIVITY.

| | Average Monthly. | |
|---|---|---|
| | 1933. | 1934. |
| 1st Quarter .. .. | 61.1 | 76.2 |
| 2nd " .. .. | 73.3 | 79.2* |
| 3rd " .. .. | 83.2 | — |
| 4th " .. .. | 70.2 | — |

* Partly estimated.

But consider the relationship between the last table and psychological developments ! The improvement in the first nine months of the Roosevelt administration was due to what Mr. Keynes calls "psychological excitement." It was followed naturally by a psychological reaction. If the recovery in the first quarter of 1934 anticipated huge Government expenditures, the current quarter's activity is due in part to industrial restocking in expectation of labour troubles, and in part to an abnormally high steel output in anticipation of the higher steel prices which go into effect on July 1st. A seasonal reaction has now set in. The chances of recovery in the autumn probably depend as much upon a return of business confidence as upon an increase in Government expenditures.

* * *

This is not intended to mean that I am pessimistic. I find it difficult to believe that business confidence will not revive. Congress has adjourned and the President, with his eye perhaps on the Congressional November elections, is showing himself to be ready to co-operate with big business. For example, the Securities Act has been "liberalised" by certain amendments, the Department of Justice has approved of the "cartelisation" of the Californian oil industry, and the Secretary of the Interior has actually proposed another "cartel" to take over the surplus stocks of oil in East Texas. This is quite in the traditions of a Republican Administration. Moreover, there is nothing to suggest that the powers which the President secured from Congress to appoint boards of mediation in labour disputes will be exercised in the interests of labour and against big business. Therefore, I look for a gradual return of business confidence, which will be reflected in a gradual fall in the long-term rate of interest and a further rise in fixed interest securities. Already the first-grade American bonds have risen to a level yielding around 3½ per cent. to redemption, as the next table will show :

| | Price. | Yields %. Flat. | To Redn. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Illinois Steel 4½%, 1940 .. .. | 106¾ | 4.21 | 3.25 |
| New York Gas Electric 5%, 1948 | 115¼ | 4.32 | 3.56 |
| Union Pacific 4%, 1947 .. .. | 106⅜ | 3.76 | 3.37 |

In the second grade of fixed interest securities, I would draw attention to the following industrial or utility preferred shares :

| | Price. | Yield %. |
|---|---|---|
| Brooklyn Manhattan Transit 6% .. .. | 93 | 6.45 |
| Firestone Tyre and Rubber 6% .. .. | 83 | 7.23 |
| North American Edison 6% .. .. | 73 | 8.16 |

With the return of investment confidence these shares are bound to move up. And for "recovery" stocks in the lowest grade of fixed-interest securities, the following are worth consideration :

| | Present Price. | Arrears of Div. per Share. |
|---|---|---|
| *United Gas $7 cum. first preferred (n.p.v.) | 43 | $11½ |
| †Radio class A 3½% cum. preferred ($50 par) | 36 | $7 |
| ‡Wilson and Co. 7% cum. preferred ($100 par) .. .. .. .. | 82 | $24.5 |

* Financial position is poor, but sales of national gas this year have increased and current preferred dividends are being earned.

† Financial position is strong, profits have been made since the autumn of 1933, and class A preferred dividends are now about covered.

‡ Meat packing prospects have improved and Company has more than covered its preferred dividends this year.

Depressed preferred shares give better prospects of capital appreciation at this stage than the leading equity shares. Not until an increase in the scale of consumption has offset the rise in costs will American equity shares (as a whole) prove attractive. For this joyous event we may have to wait until 1935.

* * *

The half-yearly dividends just declared by most of the South African gold-mining companies have somewhat disappointed the market. It must not be overlooked that the effect of the new scale of excess profits duty (i.e., the extra tax on profits per ton in excess of the profits per ton gained in November to December, 1932) has been to "degrade" the ore mined, that is, to cause companies to mine a lower-grade ore, so as to reduce the profits per ton assessable to E.P.D. The ore milled by the mines as a whole has already been "degraded" by 1.29 dwt. This has lengthened the life of the mines, but unless the capacity of the mills is increased proportionately, the profits available for shareholders must decline if the price of gold remains at its present level. It is satisfactory to see that Geduld, whose shares I have consistently recommended, has been able to increase its profits (after taxation) and its half-yearly dividend. With gold at 135*s*., the proportion of profitable footage in the Geduld mine is about double what it would be with gold at 85*s*. The Company has reduced the grade of ore milled, but has greatly increased its milling operations. Its 35 per cent. interest in the capital of East Geduld, the most exceptionally placed of the developing Far East mines, makes Geduld shares at 8½ to yield nearly 8 per cent. on dividends of 65 per cent. a particularly attractive exchange for those who have been disappointed by the recent dividends.

* * *

There is no doubt that Mr. Chamberlain has convicted the German Government of financial trickery, but that does not necessarily justify a trade war in the interests of certain bondholders. We have known about the trickery for a long time in the City, but it has been left to the Treasury to provide the facts and figures. Briefly, while Germany has been claiming that no foreign exchange resources are available to meet the service of her foreign loans, she has been applying the resources which should have been used in meeting that service to the repurchase of her external loans at "default" prices. During the six months ending March, 1934, the Reichsbank released foreign exchange to the value of no less than Rms. 335,000,000 for the purchase of bonds, scrip and block marks. This represented to a large extent purchases made for the purpose of additional exports in advance of the actual receipt of the foreign exchange resulting from the exports. Thus, the Reichsbank should continue to receive during the next few months repayment by the exporters of these advances, which constitute a hidden reserve equal to many times the amount of interest on the Dawes and Young loans due during the next six months. The excess of German exports in the Anglo-German balance of trade was £15.4 millions in the year to March, 1934, which was sufficient to cover the interest on the London issues of the Dawes and Young loans more than ten times. It is to be hoped that neither side will begin a trade war for so paltry a sum as the Dawes and Young loan services.

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# WE ARE NOT CONCERNED

with the whys and wherefores of Hitlerism. We are concerned with its results. Thousands of German families are at this moment deprived of position, savings and the rights of their own nationality. Even their personal safety is threatened.

¶ In many cases the head of the family is absent in prison, concentration camp, or simply "missing." Their only fault is their race, their religion, their political views, or their belief in freedom of speech and conscience.

¶ This is an international S.O.S. demanding the help of all who believe in liberal principles. Other countries are doing as much as, some more than, we are. The British Fund has the strong support of a long list of eminent men and women throughout this country. The names of some have appeared in previous appeals in these pages.

¶ At this very moment we have one hundred and forty people for whom complete plans are ready. We could give most of them a fresh start for less than five pounds each. Only the money is lacking. These are the more urgent cases. If you are rich, there are many other families for whom we need sums up to £100. If your own means are very limited, will you give a pound? Every contribution counts. The money is required for fares, tools, equipment or training, or for the relief of direct distress, such as the critical situation of a large number of refugee small children now in Paris, where the position is so desperate that some families have had no alternative but to return to Germany and submit to the treatment from which they fled.

¶ Many hundreds have already been helped to start again by the G.R.A. Fund in countries where their skill and character are welcome and needed. Settlements and schools have absorbed others. New positions have been found, not by displacing people but by creating new institutions and branches of work in collaboration with those already in existence, or by finding positions which could not be filled by anyone but a German. While the refugees who can get work are considered fortunate, it must not be forgotten that the mental and psychological adjustment necessary to anyone who, as an involuntary emigrant, must accept new conditions in a new setting, is a serious consideration. The importance of this aspect of the problem is not overlooked. Many refugees are doing voluntary work in the countries to which they have been driven. All are anxious to become again useful and independent members of society, and the failure to do so, coupled with severe physical hardships, has in some cases caused nervous troubles, which increase with every week spent in enforced idleness and dependence.

*CO-OPERATING ORGANISATIONS: The Academic Assistance Council, The International Student Service, International Committee for Securing Employment to Refugee Professional Workers, Germany Emergency Committee of the Society of Friends, The Save the Children Fund (German Appeal Committee).*

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Entered as second-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., Post Office, 1928. Printed in Great Britain for the Proprietors by The Cornwall Press Ltd., Paris Garden, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1; Published Weekly at 10, Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.